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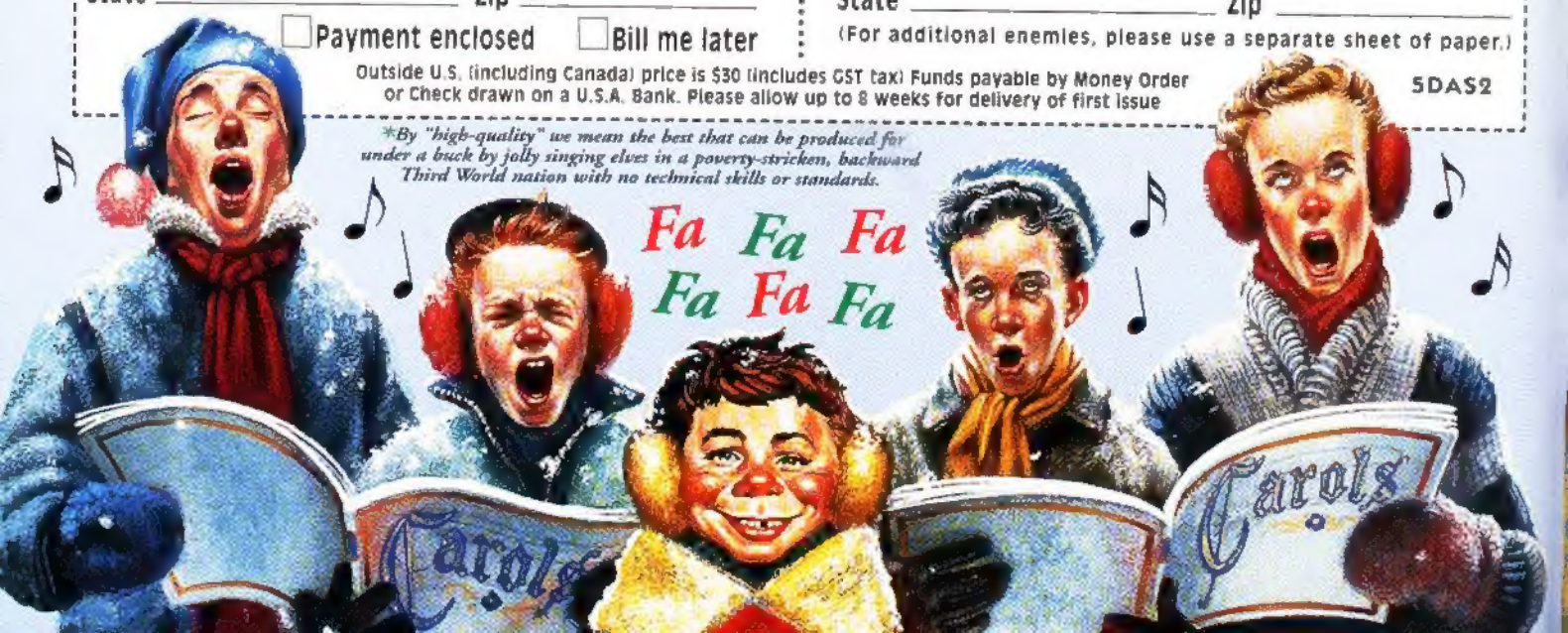
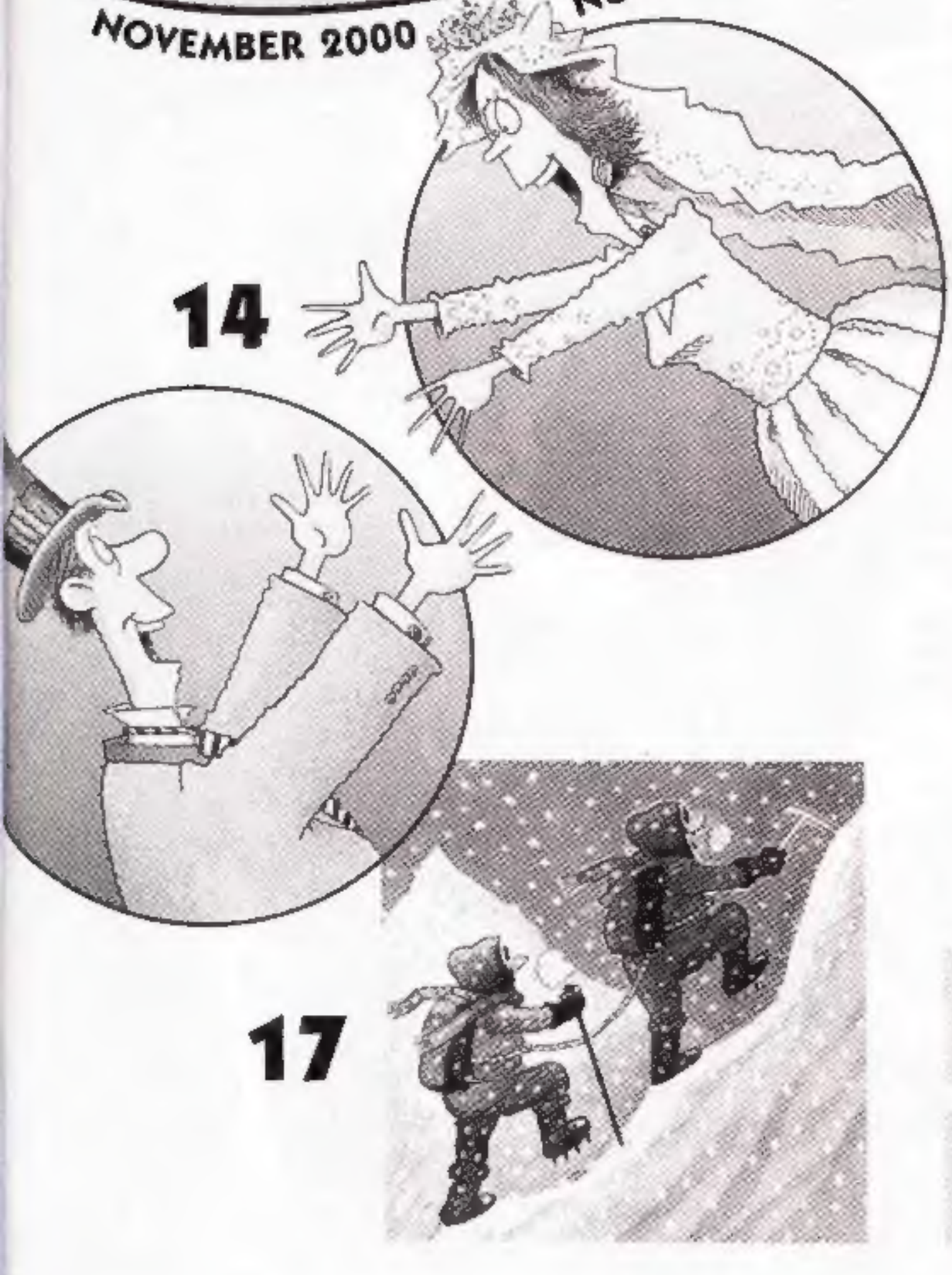
*By "high-quality" we mean the best that can be produced for under a buck by jolly singing elves in a poverty-stricken, backward Third World nation with no technical skills or standards.



MAD

NOVEMBER 2000 NUMBER 399



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VEY TO GO
BY P.C. VEY

"I DIDN'T MUCH LIKE THAT BOOK EITHER."

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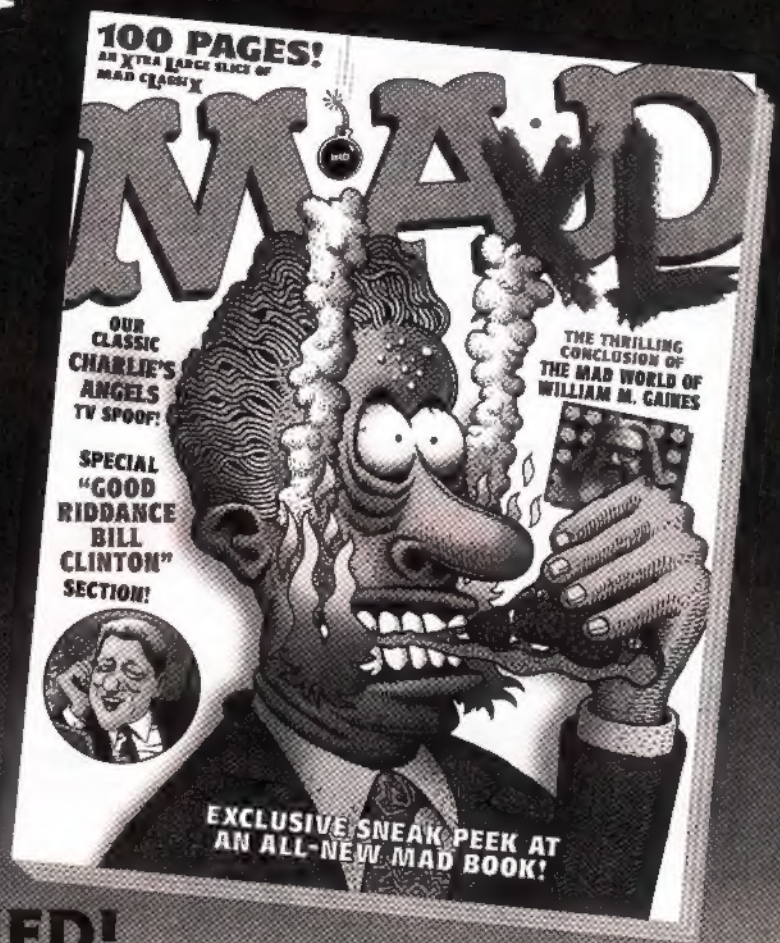
# HOT OFF THE PRESSES!

## MAD XL#6

### Featuring:

- Exclusive Sneak Peek at the Newest MAD Book — *MAD Cover To Cover*!
- The Thrilling Conclusion of *The MAD World of William M. Gaines*!
- A Special Good Riddance to Bill Clinton!
- MAD Writer of the Month Arnie Kogen!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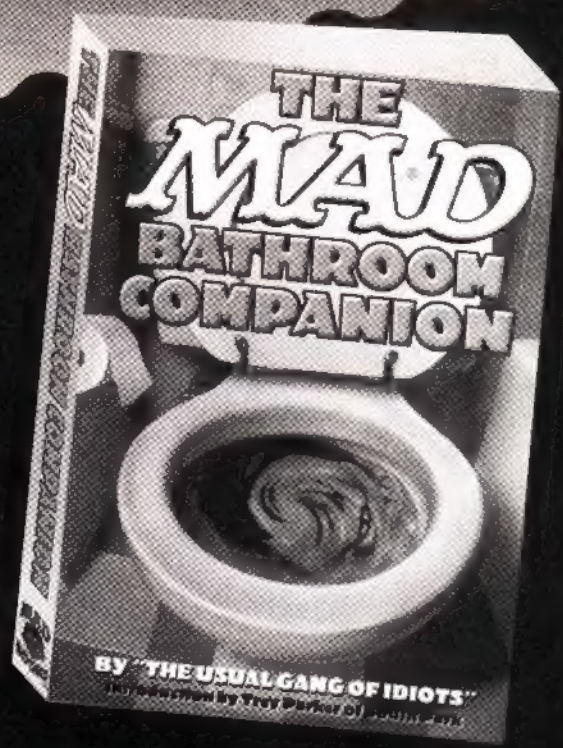


***MAD*** presents a new movement in humor — if you bring only one book with you to the bathroom, take the plunge with this latest from MAD Books: The *MAD Bathroom Companion*! Selected by a careful process of elimination, each article was chosen by the anal retentive "Usual Gang of Idiots" and sanitized for your protection! Featuring the best short pieces from MAD Magazine, we guarantee each can be read in one sitting! So don't stall, buy your copy now. You won't be able to wipe the smile off your face!

# MAD

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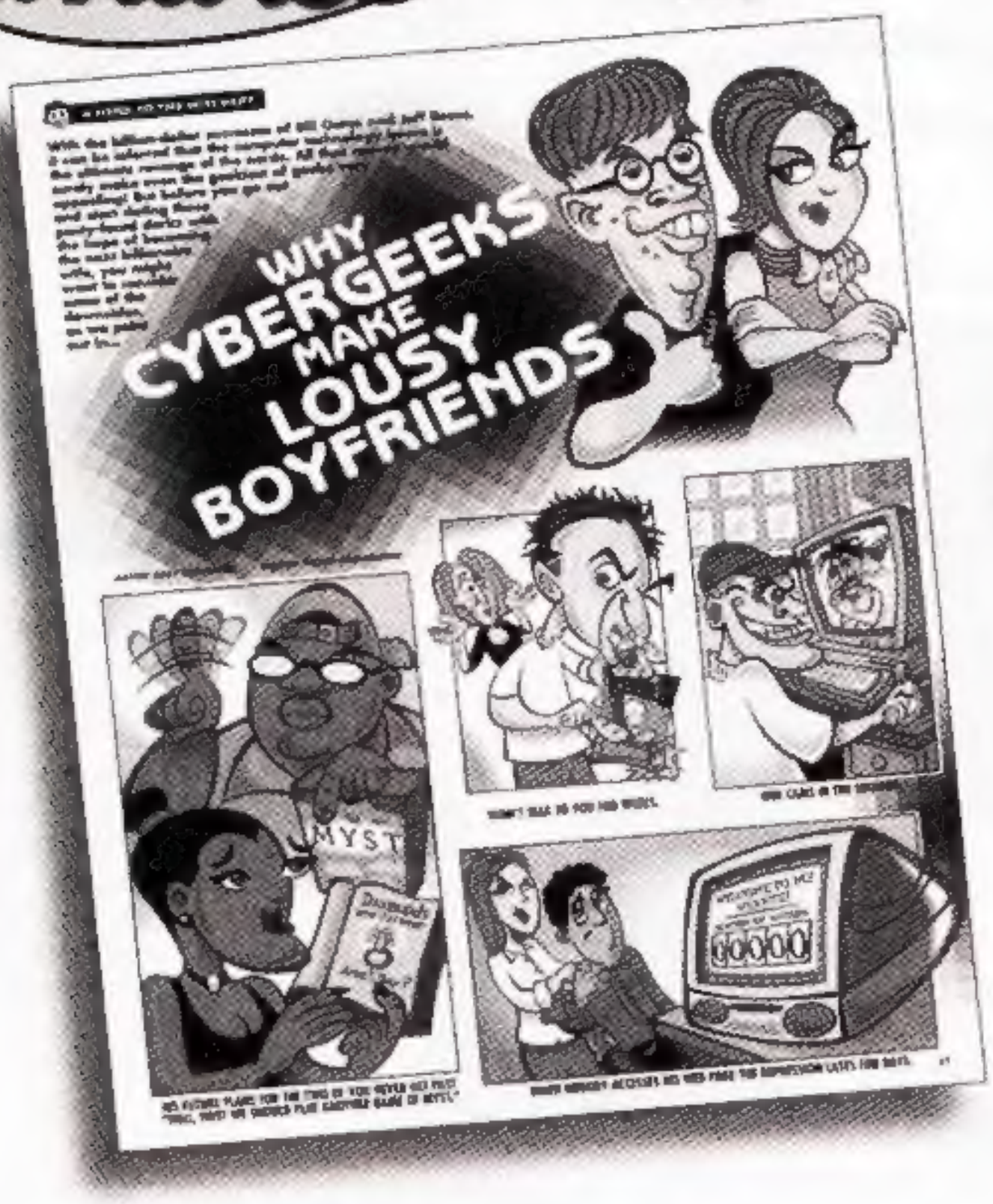

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**THIS MONTH IN HISTORY**

**NOVEMBER**

| SUN | MON | TUES | WED | THURS | FRI | SAT |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | | |

*1989*
*Two Ringling Brothers Circus Geeks Killed in Freak Accident*

*1947*
*New York Adopts "Hostile" As Official State Attitude*

*1994*
*Beauty & The Beast Quietly Divorce Citing "Irreconcilable Differences"*

*One Trillion B.C. Cain and Abel Breeze Through Their Final History Exam*

*1998*
*Ed "The Human Spitball" Flannigan Begins Three Week Stay On Ceiling of Homeroom 208*

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*"With current divorce rates, it seems that often times the honeymoon is over before the honeymoon is over!"*

FRONT COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

# DEPARTMENT OF TOMATOES AND LETTERS

**HOW TO REACH US**

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 399, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

## "MAD'S 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT TV"

I used to subscribe to *TV Guide* until I read your article "MAD's 50 Worst Things About TV" (issue #396). Now I realize I've been subscribing to the wrong magazine!

Louis Carta, Cromwell, CT

**Magna Carta—We couldn't be happier. Now that you're subscribing to the *right* magazine, enjoy your subscription to *Teen Rabbi*—the magazine for everybody. Mazel Tov! — Ed.**

I strongly disagree with the fact that you said *Scooby Doo* is a bad thing about TV ("MAD's 50 Worst Things About TV"). You shouldn't make fun of other people's interests and opinions. If some people enjoy watching a dog and a guy high on drugs chasing ghosts then that's fine with me. I don't make fun of them for that.

Kevin Credo, Highland Park, IL

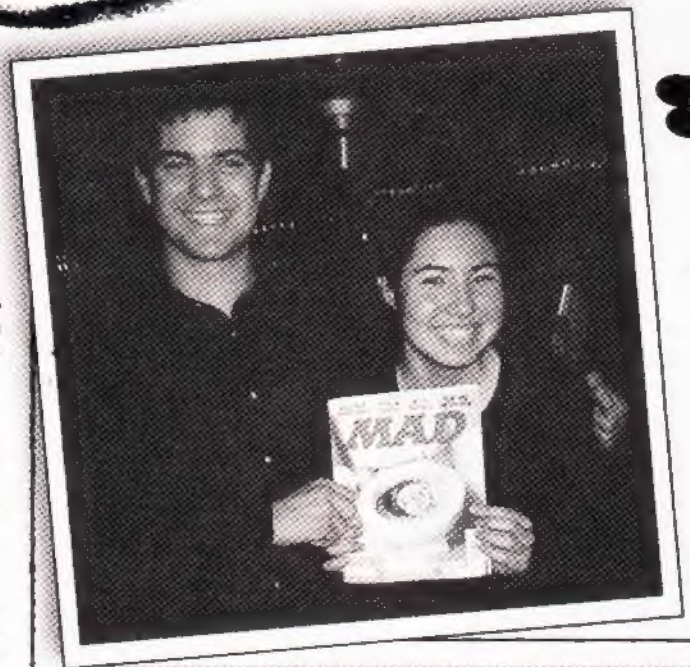
**Kev—Yours is a fascinating letter. We bet you have other strong feelings about *Casper the Friendly Ghost*, *The Jetsons* and *Spongebob Squarepants*. Zoink, Zoink, Zoink! —Ed.**

## HIT ON MISSIVES

I would like to comment on something. I am surprised by the number of letters you print from people offended by your magazine's articles. Complaining that MAD is offensive is like picking up a copy of *Penthouse* and being surprised by the naked women inside. Offensive humor is the best kind, it challenges your thoughts. Only by questioning our own thoughts and ideals can we truly begin to understand others. We are not always right, we do not have to shield our opinions from all criticism. I pity the weak person who cannot stand to read something that is offensive to him. We should all be open-minded.

Brian Whipple, Solon, ME

**Mr. Whipple — please don't squeeze the Charmin — Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah! —Ed. P.S. Zoink, Zoink, Zoink!**




## THE ED.'S NIFTY FIFTY™

Yeah, we asked for a cast member of *Dawson's Creek* for our ***Nifty Fifty™***, but now, to tell you the truth, we're just sick about it. What the hell were we thinking? But a deal is a deal, so Marika Sawyer of Scarsdale, NY, you get your three-year subscription for your pic of Joshua Jackson (he plays Pacey for all you uninitiated *Dawson's* fans). Now get the hell out of here, leave us alone, just go away! You follow? — Ed.

## *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*

Here's my dumb wish: Can you set up a branch office here in Singapore? I am sure that with the right marketing mix, MAD will top the reader's charts every single week. As a favor to you, I am willing to offer my services as Chief Marketing Officer, for approximately US $7,000 per month. Such an investment may possibly make you multi-billionaires, so do consider my proposal.

Jason Tan, Singapore

**Tan Man—As luck would have it, your letter arrived a day late. We had already appointed a new Chief Marketing Officer for Singapore, that bumbling idiot Godfrey. Look for him to be making big moves as he sets up the Singapore office just as soon as he scrapes together the bus fare. Your interest in the *Make a Dumb Wish Foundation™* is greatly appreciated. —Ed.**

## ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

Look, up in sky! it's a bird! It's a plane! Nope, it's another moronic envelope of the month from Jim Hutchings of Ontario, Canada!

JIM HUTCHINGS
SARNIA, ONTARIO
CANADA
LOOK, ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL, IT'S
SUPER-PRESIDENT
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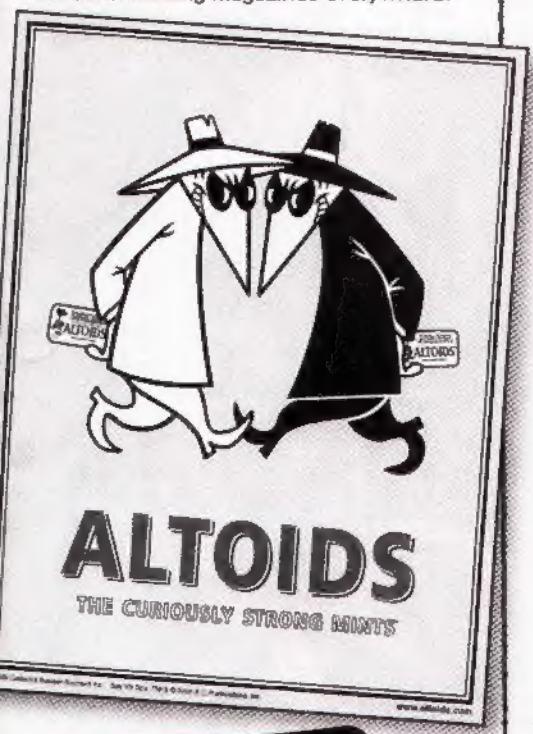
## MINT VS. MINT

Altoids, that curiously strong mint, have curiously used our very own Spies to grace their newest advertisement! Look for the ad in leading magazines everywhere!

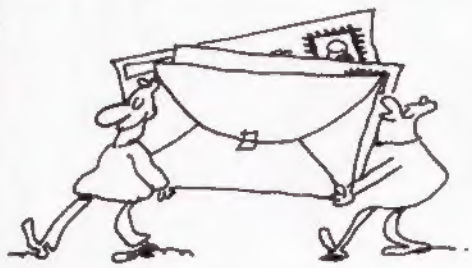



## CORRECTION OF DEPARTMENTS

In some issues I have noticed that in the list of departments sometimes one of the departments does not correspond to the page given. For example, in issue #392 "If Mother Teresa Was a Gangster Rapper" (Babez in the Sainthood Dept.) was not on page 35. If it was, it would have been in the middle of "Half Fact Whole Fact." If you can, please answer my question.

Grant Evans, Glenside, PA

**Yo G — Oh! So you're the one! we were wondering who got that rare copy with the missing article. We know of one other such copy which was recently appraised by Hans Brickface of Brickface's Bric-a-Brac and Other Oddities for $115, $125 if the fold-in isn't done! Good luck on eBay! By the way, what was your question? — Ed.**

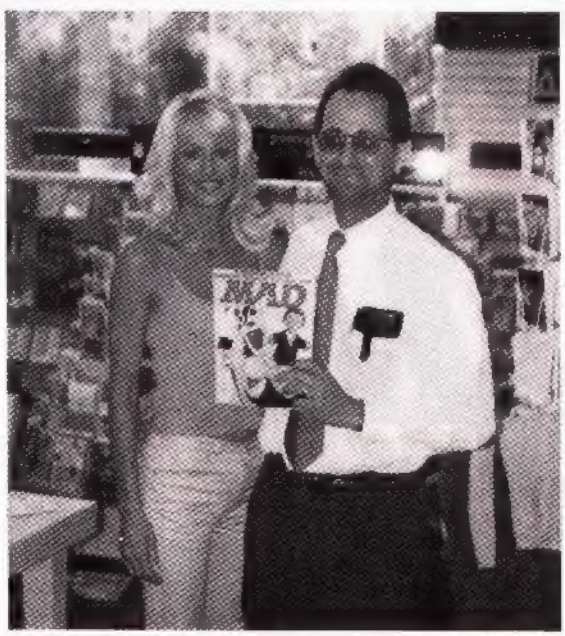


## MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Here's a picture of Darva Conger from FOX's "Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?" She was nice enough to pose with me at her *Playboy* signing event.

Barry Nackos, Los Angeles, CA

**Ooo, great photo! You're actually closer to her than Rick Rockwell ever was, but not as close as the *Playboy* photographer was! Sorry, you only get a one-year subscription because Darva's not holding it. Which, oddly enough, was Rick Rockwell's complaint about Darva! But not the *Playboy* photographer's though!**




MAD

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*founder*

**Jenette Kahn**
*president & editor-in-chief*

**Paul Levitz**
*executive vice president & publisher*

**Nick Meglin & John Ficarra**
*editors*

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*senior editors*

**David Shayne** *associate editor*

**Amy Vozeolas** *assistant editor*

**Dick DeBartolo** *creative consultant*

**Dorothy Crouch** *vp-licensed publishing and associate publisher*

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**Nadina Simon** *associate art director*

**Leonard Brenner** *graphics consultant*

**Marla Wyche** *production artist*

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**Alison Gill** *exec. director - manufacturing*
**Lillian Laserson** *vp & general counsel*

**Contributing Artists And Writers**
*the usual gang of idiots*

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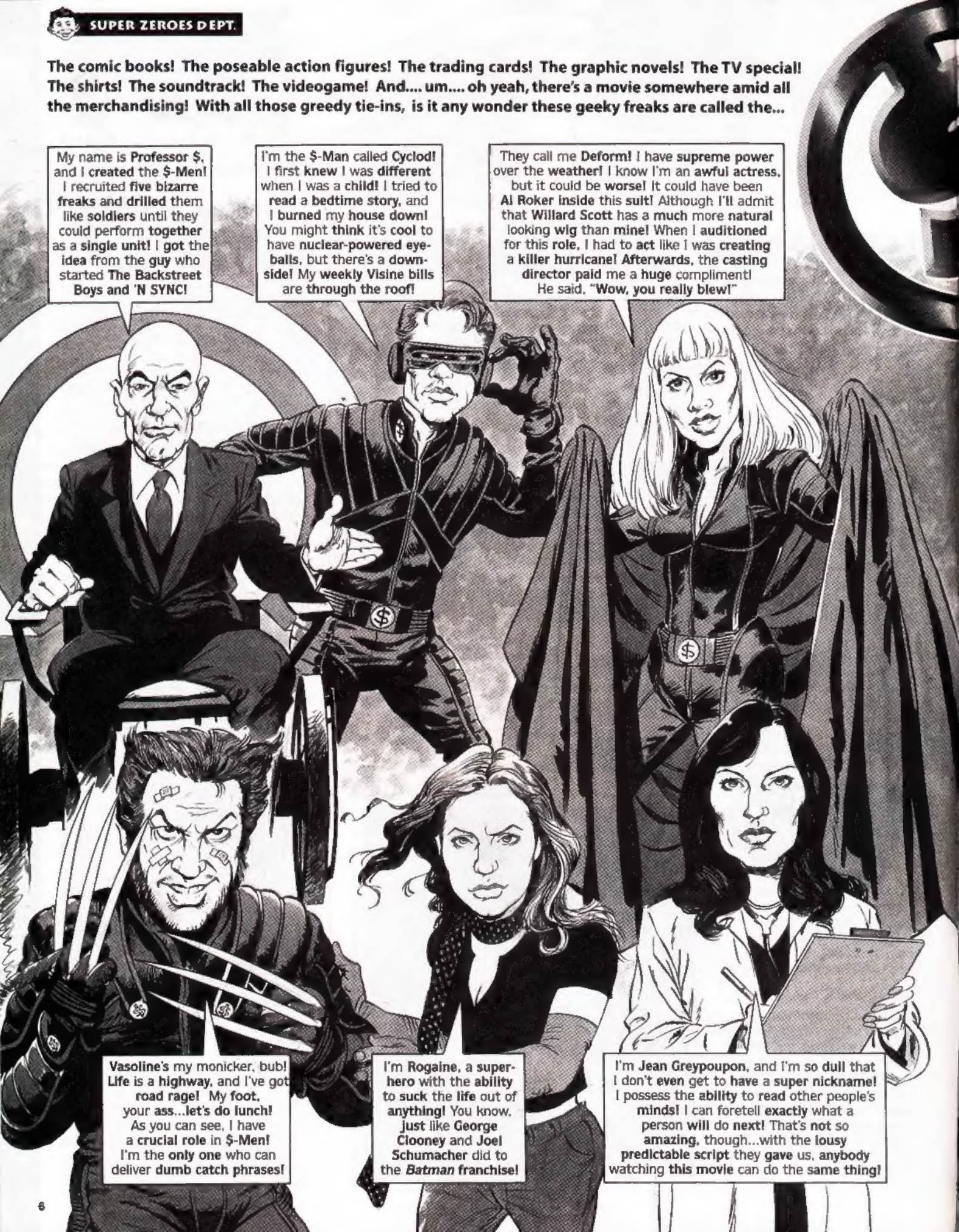
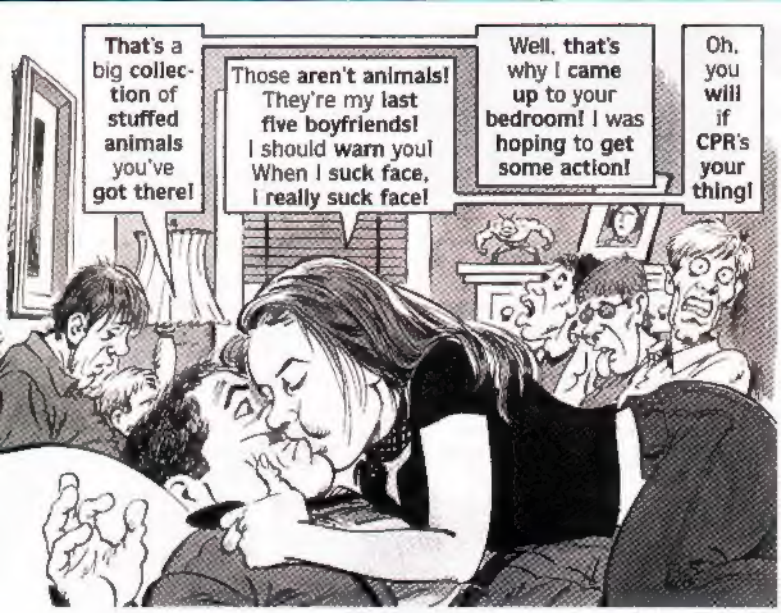
**The comic books! The poseable action figures! The trading cards! The graphic novels! The TV special! The shirts! The soundtrack! The videogame! And.... um.... oh yeah, there's a movie somewhere amid all the merchandising! With all those greedy tie-ins, is it any wonder these geeky freaks are called the...**

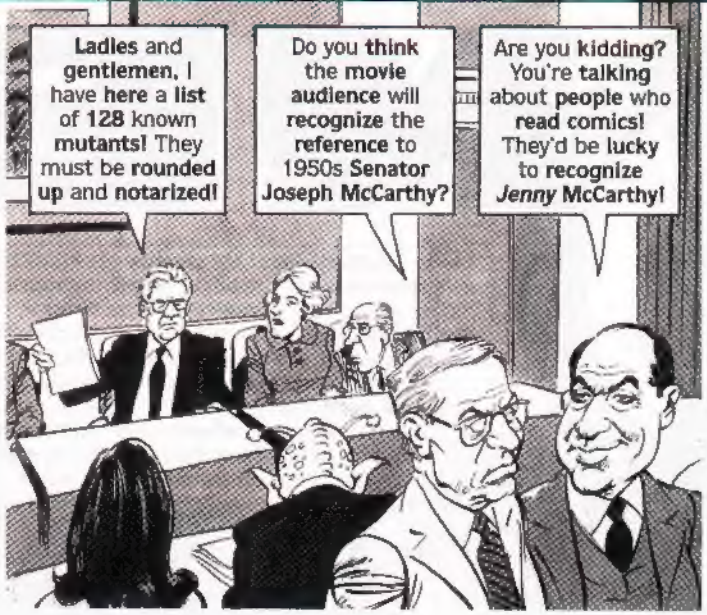

My name is Professor $, and I created the $-Men! I recruited five bizarre freaks and drilled them like soldiers until they could perform together as a single unit! I got the idea from the guy who started The Backstreet Boys and 'N SYNC!
I'm the $-Man called Cyclod! I first knew I was different when I was a child! I tried to read a bedtime story, and I burned my house down! You might think it's cool to have nuclear-powered eyeballs, but there's a downside! My weekly Visine bills are through the roof!
They call me Deform! I have supreme power over the weather! I know I'm an awful actress, but it could be worse! It could have been Al Roker inside this suit! Although I'll admit that Willard Scott has a much more natural looking wig than mine! When I auditioned for this role, I had to act like I was creating a killer hurricane! Afterwards, the casting director paid me a huge compliment! He said, "Wow, you really blew!"
Vasoline's my monicker, bub! Life is a highway, and I've got road rage! My foot, your ass...let's do lunch! As you can see, I have a crucial role in $-Men! I'm the only one who can deliver dumb catch phrases!
I'm Rogaine, a superhero with the ability to suck the life out of anything! You know, just like George Clooney and Joel Schumacher did to the Batman franchise!
I'm Jean Greypoupon, and I'm so dull that I don't even get to have a super nickname! I possess the ability to read other people's minds! I can foretell exactly what a person will do next! That's not so amazing, though...with the lousy predictable script they gave us, anybody watching this movie can do the same thing!

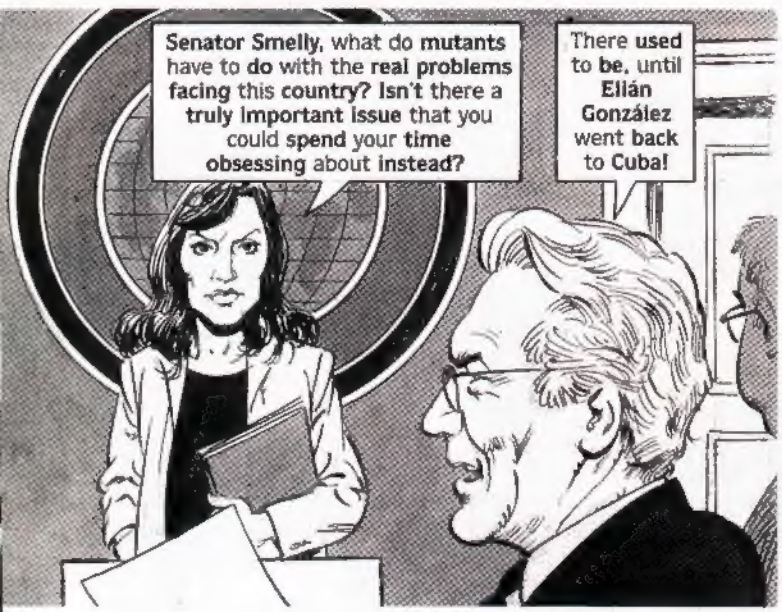
# MEN

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

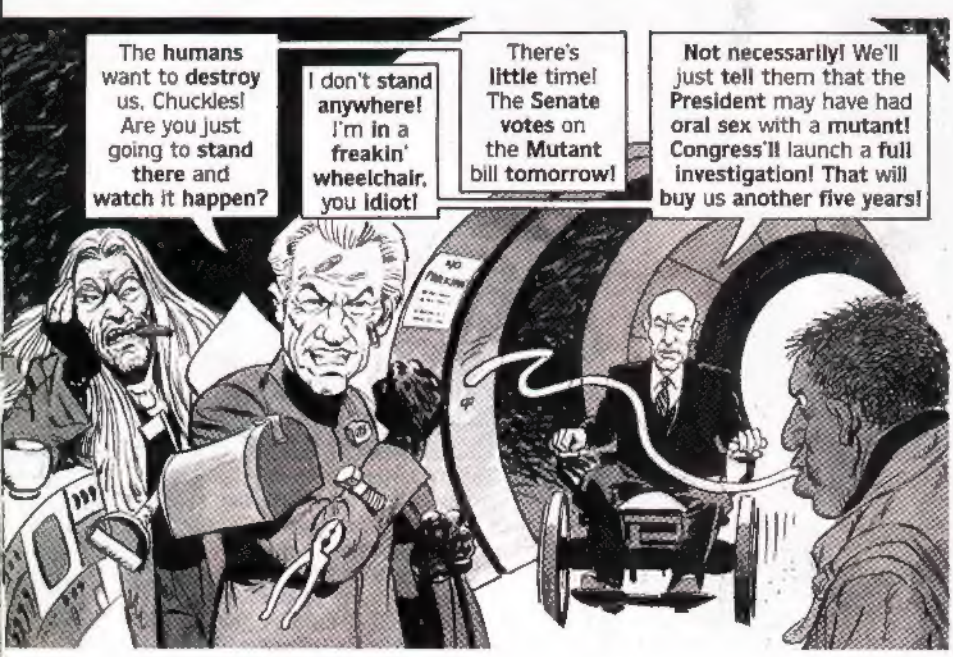
Magnesia here! My parents get killed by the Nazis at the beginning of the movie! You might wonder how the director, Bryan Singer, got away with trivializing the Holocaust in a superhero action flick! Well, at least it's more sensitive than his next film: The Nutty Fuhrer! Because of my incredible magnetic power, I can fly, tear apart walls and lift police cars! Best of all, I can stick paper clips on the side of my head!
I'm Slobbergoof! All I do is growl and attack innocent people! I'm thinking of getting my own radio talk show! And I already have more lines of dialogue in this one dialogue balloon than I get in the entire $-Men movie! Bye!
My name's Load! I use my weird 25-foot tongue for super-sucking! But I'm used to things that super-suck! I was Darth Maul in The Phantom Menace!
STOP
YUGO
SHLURP!
I'm Physique! I had to stay still for ten hours a day while a special makeup technician applied blue paint to every curve and nook of my naked body! The technician even had a special job title: "Luckiest Son of a Bitch in Show Business!" Some people are scared of mutants, but not me! I'm married to John Stamos!
I'm Senator Jefferson Smelly! I play a cynical Washington hack who beats up on the weak members of society to score cheap points with the voters, before switching to protect my own self-interest! See? Comic book movies don't have to be unrealistic!
SPECIAL MUTANT ISSUE
torres


That's a big collection of stuffed animals you've got there!
Those aren't animals! They're my last five boyfriends! I should warn you! When I suck face, I really suck face!
Well, that's why I came up to your bedroom! I was hoping to get some action!
Oh, you will if CPR's your thing!


Ladies and gentlemen, I have here a list of 128 known mutants! They must be rounded up and notarized!
Do you think the movie audience will recognize the reference to 1950s Senator Joseph McCarthy?
Are you kidding? You're talking about people who read comics! They'd be lucky to recognize *Jenny* McCarthy!

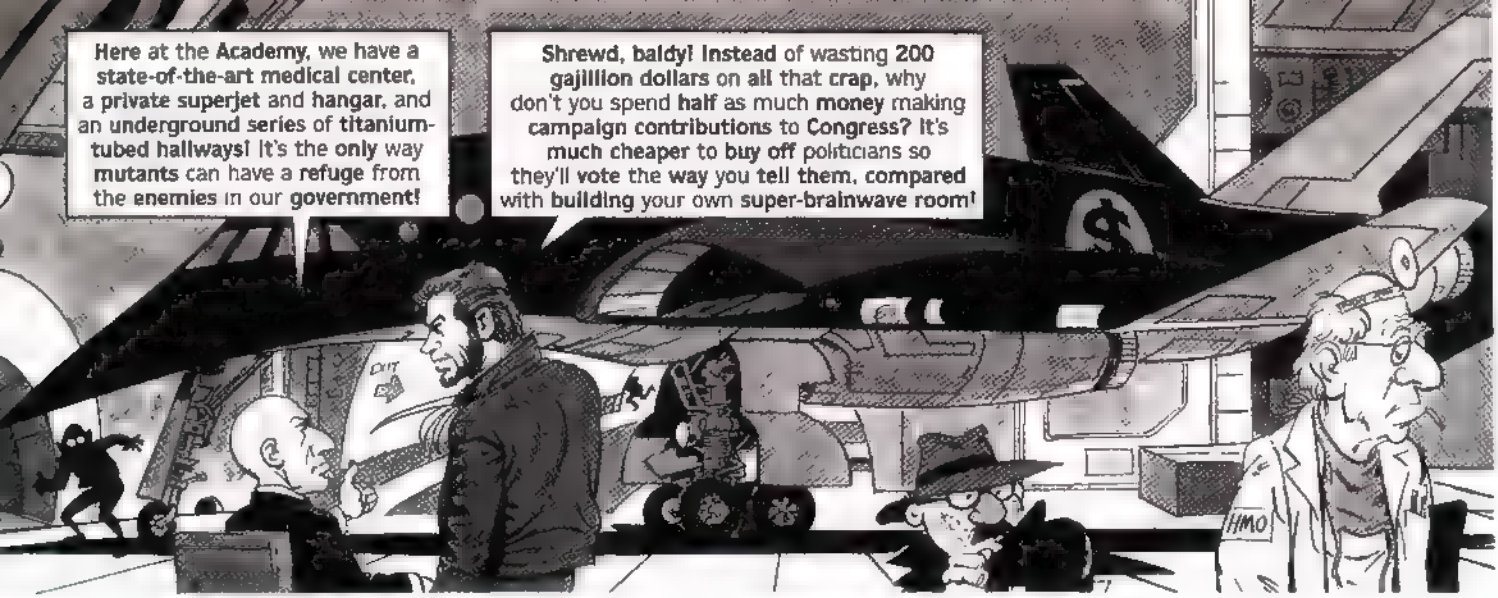

Senator Smelly, what do mutants have to do with the real problems facing this country? Isn't there a truly important issue that you could spend your time obsessing about instead?
There used to be, until Elián González went back to Cuba!

Sweet Lord in Heaven! Look at that monstrous body, that enlarged head, that staggering walk! There's a mutant in these chambers right now!
No, no, no! That's just Senator Ted Kennedy!


The humans want to destroy us, Chuckles! Are you just going to stand there and watch it happen?
I don't stand anywhere! I'm in a freakin' wheelchair, you idiot!
There's little time! The Senate votes on the Mutant bill tomorrow!
Not necessarily! We'll just tell them that the President may have had oral sex with a mutant! Congress'll launch a full investigation! That will buy us another five years!

Look out, he's got a knife!
Eeegaaaa, my spleen!
Get the hell out, or I'll splatter your ugly face across the wall!
What's going on here?
Happy Hour!

Wow! I never saw anything like what just happened in there!
I'm assuming you missed seeing *Terminator 2* then!
You fought 12 men in under an hour! How did you learn to take 58 minutes of brutal punishment with just two minutes for healing?
Watching Jerry Springer!
We're 200 miles from the nearest house, and in the middle of a blizzard! Who are they? And what could they want?
Good day, sir! Have you ever considered switching your long distance service to Sprint?
Hoo boy! You long distance phone service people don't joke around!
That was a cover story! Welcome to Professor $'s School for Mutants!
I wake up strapped to a table, inside a private school, looking up at a chick in neck-to-toe leather! Where did they get the idea for this? A letter to *Penthouse*?
The patient has adamantium claws that spring from his knuckles!
Adamantium? What the hell is that?
It's the second most indestructible substance on Earth, next to that plastic stuff they wrap CDs in!
Just look at that exoskeleton! Every bit of skin was stretched back and a connective series of wires was attached to the underlying musculature! How could a person survive a procedure like that?
Hey. If Demi Moore did, anyone can!
There are evil men out there who would like to see mutants quarantined! Locked up in isolated areas where they can be observed and monitored!
You mean, kinda like your school does?
Uhhhh, yes... but we also have Knock-Hockey!
MAX KORN on TENNIS


Here at the Academy, we have a state-of-the-art medical center, a private superjet and hangar, and an underground series of titanium-tubed hallways! It's the only way mutants can have a refuge from the enemies in our government!
Shrewd, baldy! Instead of wasting 200 gajillion dollars on all that crap, why don't you spend half as much money making campaign contributions to Congress? It's much cheaper to buy off politicians so they'll vote the way you tell them, compared with building your own super-brainwave room!
EXIT
HMO

You're very lucky! It just so happens that we have a vacancy for a "dangerously unpredictable psycho slasher"!
Well gee, thanks, but no thanks!
What about your past? Those experiments in your youth? All the drug-induced flashbacks? I can help you discover what happened 25 years ago!
Have you ever helped anybody else with a problem like mine?
Of course I have! George W. Bush!
GINSU

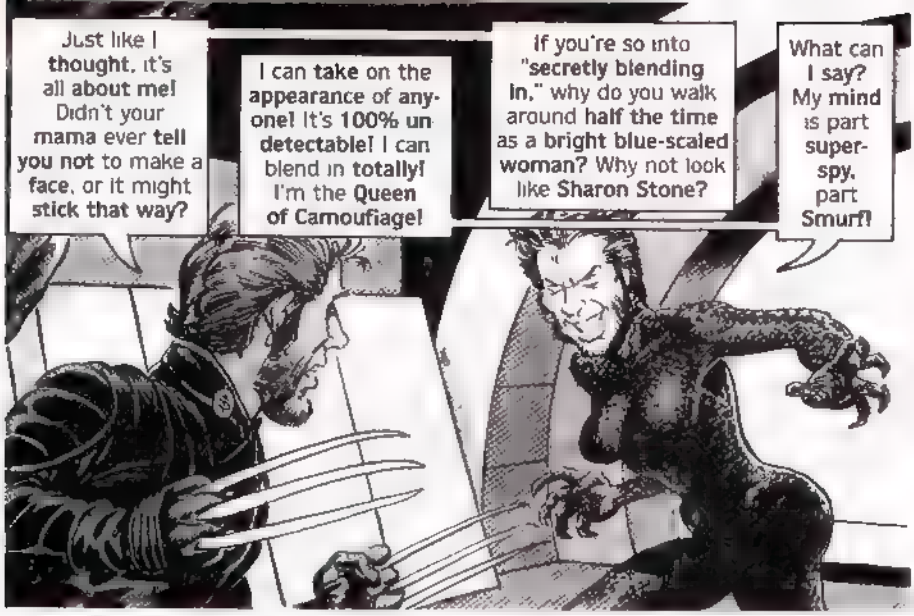
I ooze liquid in 5 seconds! Pretty impressive, huh?
Not really! When you wiggled on screen, half of the dateless losers in the audience had something similar happen! Many of them in LESS than 5 seconds!

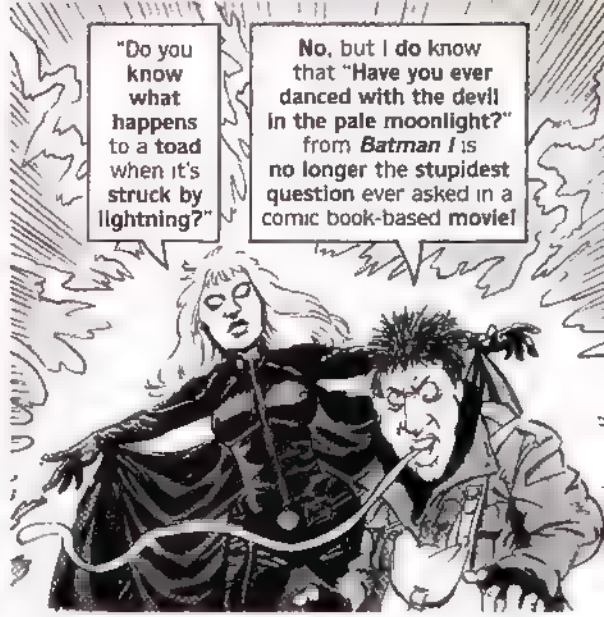
Yow! That is the second biggest bug zapper I've ever seen!
Yes, but it still needs... more power! Slobber-goof... Load...you know what... to do...
Clap on! Clap off! Clap on, clap off!

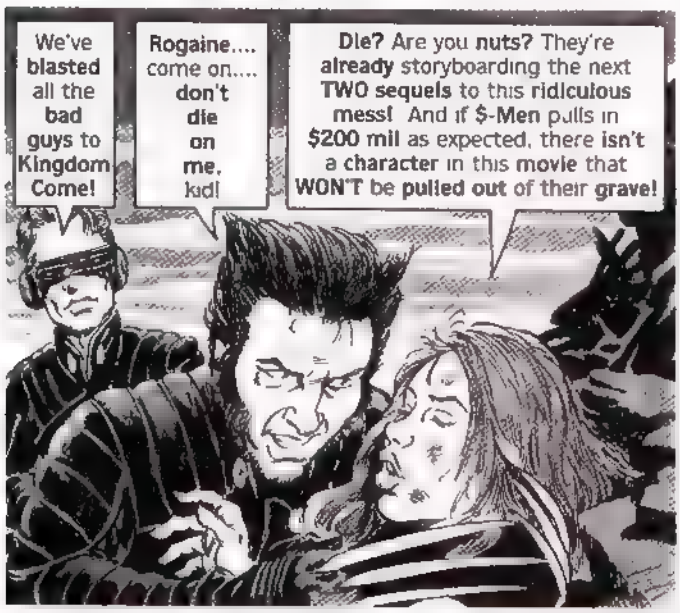
They turned me into a mutant! Then, I survived a 1,000 foot drop onto jagged rocks! Then, I swam across the ocean! Then, I magically knew the right way to walk all the way from the beach to your school in suburban New York without anyone noticing!
The sad thing is that the Senator's explanation of how he got here still makes more sense than how Al Gore got to his Social Security plan!

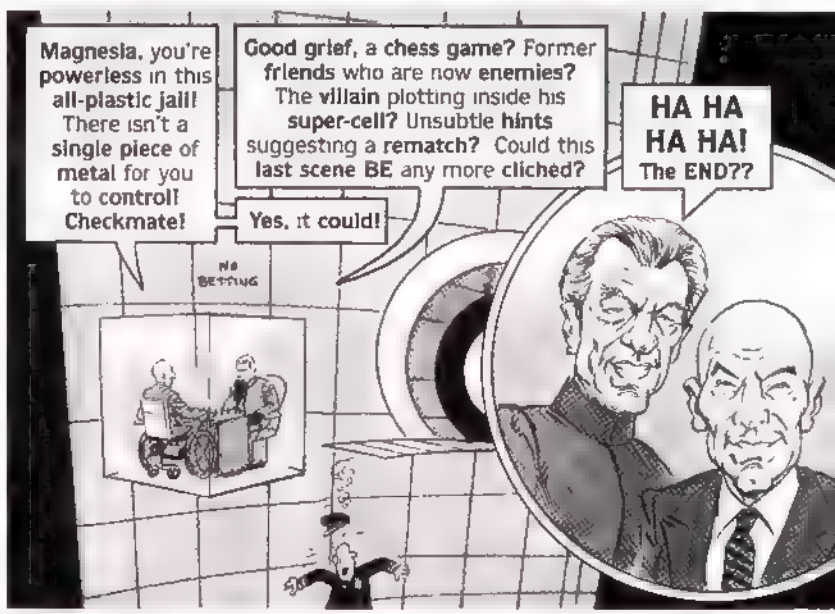
LAUNDRY
Senator Smelly, your body was inundated by a concentrated magnetic field until the cell structure mutated, causing you to become a gelatinized mass!
What does that mean exactly in layman's terms? Is it horrible?
No need to panic! It's just like having a chest x-ray 24 hours a day for a month!
I am afraid I have a little bed wetting problem...
A little problem? Ugh! That's the biggest splattering mess in politics since Monica Lewinsky met the President!
YECH!
Nobody likes you! Why don't you get out of here?
Sob! I'm even an outcast among DNA-twisted mutants! I feel like Jeff Gordon on the NASCAR circuit!
ROGAINE
$
I've posed as a student to chase Rogaine away, transformed into Professor $ and sabotaged his brainwave machine! Now, I'll make my escape through the gaping hole!
What gaping hole?
The one in the plot! I mean, come on! Professor $ can use his psychic power to find mutants halfway across the country, but he doesn't notice me running all over his house?
Rogaine is missing! I will use my mind to look for her! Let's check the changing room of Macy's swimsuit department . no, that's not her! Maybe she's gone to the sauna at the gym? Nope.. Wait! She went to the shower of a woman's prison!
Professor Rogaine just phoned! She's at the train station!
Interesting! I'd better keep searching, just to be on the safe side! Might she be in Anna Kournikova's bathroom? Let's find out!
Rogaine, come with me! I need to strap you into my giant ray gun, which will blast enough mutant energy through your nervous system to leave you burned and dead!
It is so great to feel wanted!
How come none of the other passengers are running away from this colossal train wreck?
You get used to this kind of thing on Amtrak!
I have a lot of emotional baggage! The first boy I ever kissed ended up in a coma for three weeks!
Boo hoo! I once dated a girl and slipped my tongue in her ear, and accidentally ate her brain!

Remember what we've studied $ Men!
"Copying someone's identity" schtick from Face/Off...Check!
Frozen midair battle" from The Matrix... Check!
All of my Darth Maul Jedi moves from The Phantom Menace...Check!
Ludicrous super weapon from the end of every James Bond movie ever...Check!
It's a good thing they didn't film this movie 20 years ago, or we'd be stuck ripping off the fight scenes from Porkys and Cannonball Run!
I'M GETTING A MIGRAINE.
IBM
I hate this so much!
Don't worry! I have faith that you'll get me out of this trap!
No, what I really hate is that the Statue of Liberty has more expressive acting ability than I do!
Too bad you never mutated the power to deliver a credible line of dialogue!


Just like I thought, it's all about me! Didn't your mama ever tell you not to make a face, or it might stick that way?
I can take on the appearance of anyone! It's 100% undetectable! I can blend in totally! I'm the Queen of Camouflage!
If you're so into "secretly blending in," why do you walk around half the time as a bright blue-scaled woman? Why not look like Sharon Stone?
What can I say? My mind is part super-spy, part Smurf!

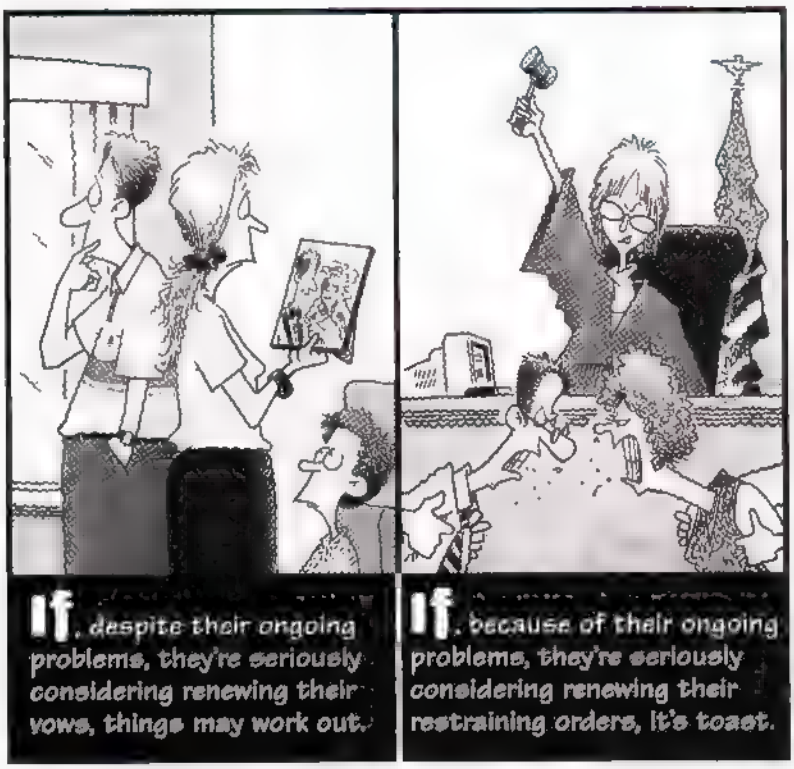

"Do you know what happens to a toad when it's struck by lightning?"
No, but I do know that "Have you ever danced with the devil in the pale moonlight?" from *Batman I* is no longer the stupidest question ever asked in a comic book-based movie!


We've blasted all the bad guys to Kingdom Come!
Rogaine.... come on.... don't die on me, kid!
Die? Are you nuts? They're already storyboarding the next TWO sequels to this ridiculous mess! And if $-Men pulls in $200 mil as expected, there isn't a character in this movie that WON'T be pulled out of their grave!


Magnesia, you're powerless in this all-plastic jail! There isn't a single piece of metal for you to control! Checkmate!
Good grief, a chess game? Former friends who are now enemies? The villain plotting inside his super-cell? Unsubtle hints suggesting a rematch? Could this last scene BE any more cliched?
Yes, it could!
HA HA HA HA! The END??
NO BETTING

Wolverine, why can't you stay with us at the Academy?
I'm going nuts here! Every day I get stopped by the school's metal detector!
Well, Professor, we did it! We proved that we are the #1 group of mutants in the world!
Not quite, Cyclod! There's still another group out there and they are far more numerous and powerful than even the $-Men!

Fanboys! They somehow reproduce like cockroaches, even without a woman! And they're all coming to see this stupid movie – 5, 10, 20 times apiece!
God! Talk about horrifying mutants!
RESERVED SEATING



**If**, despite their ongoing problems, they're seriously considering renewing their vows, things may work out.

**If**, because of their ongoing problems, they're seriously considering renewing their restraining orders, it's toast.

**MAY DIVORCE BE WITH YOU DEPT.**

Marriage. It's the eternal union of two souls traversing life's natural path hand in hand. But sometimes along that journey (actually, more like 50% of the time) the woman decides that she's had it with his laziness, poor personal hygiene and refusal to wear pants around the house. And the man may decide he's fed up with her complaining, nagging and the burnt road kill she offers as dinner. There's a thin line between love and hate, and there's an even thinner line between matrimony and alimony! Have your folks crossed that line? Take this little quiz and see...

# CAN YOUR PARENTS'

**If** they often argue over the fact that your mother's job pays better than your father's work, there's still hope.

**If** they often argue over the fact that your mother's "Nudie-Voyeur Web Site" pays better than your father's work, JEEEZIZ LOOK OUT!

**If** your father brings home his low-brow friends at all hours and asks your mother to cook for them, there's still hope.

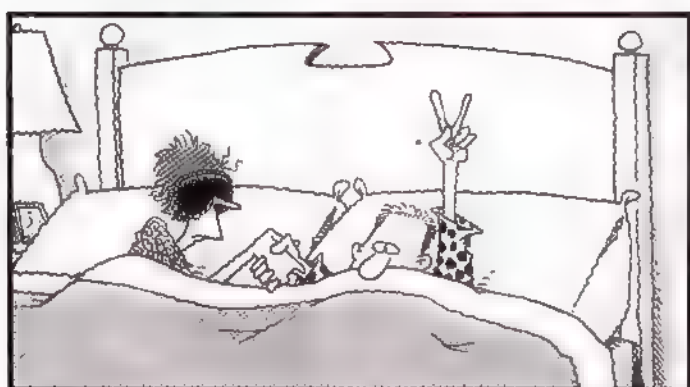
# MARRIAGE BE SAVED???

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

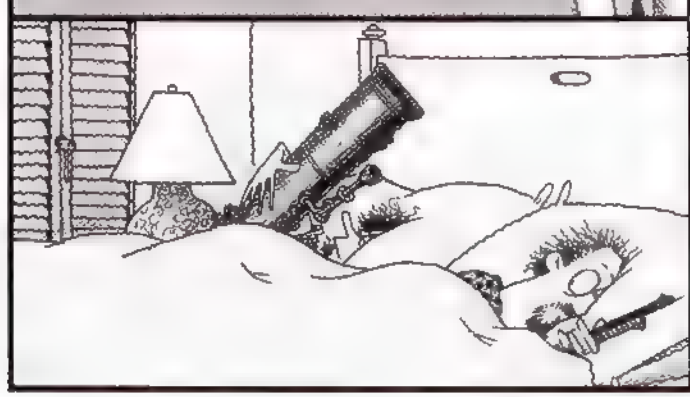
If your father brings home his low-life bookie at all hours and asks your mother to help work off the "vig" he owes him, all bets are off.

If they've agreed to stay together until the kids have grown up, there's some hope.

If they've agreed to stick it out until the liquor cabinet is empty, say sayonara.



If, following an argument, they make it a point not to go to bed angry, that's good.



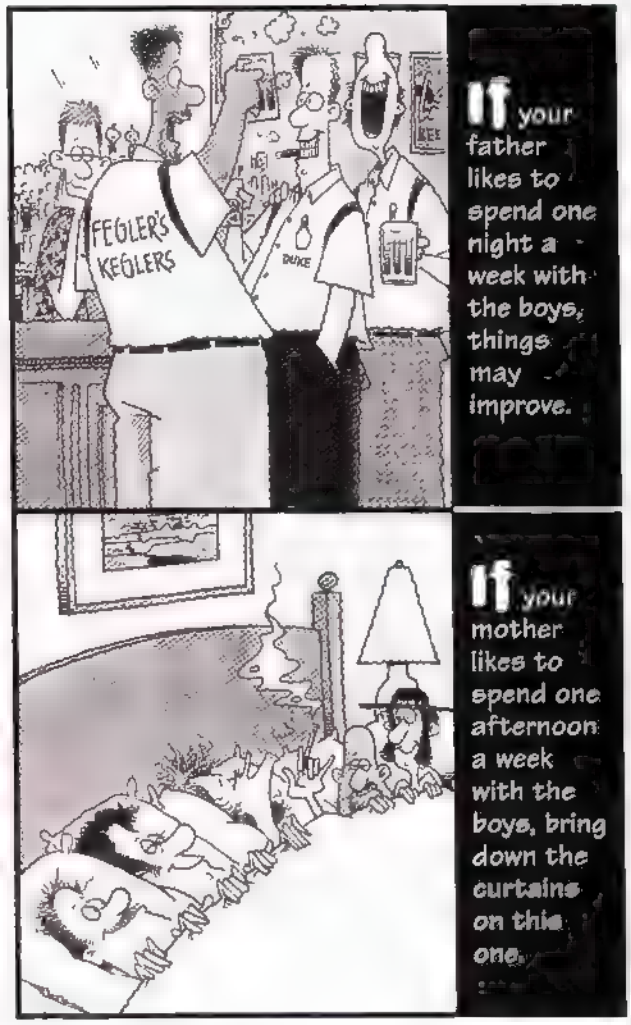
If, following an argument, they make it a point not to go to bed unarmed, uh oh.

# CAN YOUR PARENTS' MARRIAGE BE SAVED???

OKAY, THEN...I'LL ONLY RENT PORN ON YOUR BINGO NIGHTS.
YOU HEARD ME! ONE WEEKEND AT THE INDIAN CASINO WITH THE GALS, AND A CARTON OF GENERIC MENTHOLS!! OTHERWISE THE STINKIN' CRUMBUM'S A MEMORY"

If they're trying to work things out through a marriage counselor, that's a good sign.

If they're trying to work things out through a hostage negotiator, stick a fork in it.




If your father likes to spend one night a week with the boys, things may improve.

If your mother likes to spend one afternoon a week with the boys, bring down the curtains on this one.

If they're overwhelmed by the support of friends who want to see them get through the hard times, things may work out.

If they're overwhelmed by the autograph requests of fans who know them from their multiple "Domestic Dispute" appearances on *Cops*, forget it.

# The Rescue

DON'T WORRY... WE SEE YOU...
...WE HAVE THE SITUATION...
RESCUE
...UNDER CONTROL!!!!
AHH! AHH!
Chopper One to base! Chopper One to base! We see no sign of the hikers! We're comin' home!
RESCUE



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

# MONROE and...

GOOD MORNING, GRAMPS. MORNING DAD... *DAD?!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING *HERE?*

I RAN INTO YOUR MOTHER AT HAPPY HOUR *LAST NIGHT* AND... WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT *GOES* WHEN THE DRINKS ARE TWO FOR ONE.

*NOT REALLY.* SO YOU TWO GOT BACK TOGETHER?

YEAH FOR ABOUT *TWENTY MINUTES.* SEE YA AROUND, SPORT.

DID HE LEAVE?

YEAH. AND IN A *HURRY.*

*A FEW WEEKS LATER...*

I DON'T *CARE* WHAT YOU *BARELY* REMEMBER, I AM *TELLING* YOU I'M TWO WEEKS *LATE.*

HOLD ON.

*MA,* YOUR CONSTANT HURLING IS *REALLY GROSSING ME OUT!*

BRRALLPPHH

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, I DON'T THINK THIS IS JUST HANGOVER PUKE! I WAS *AFRAID* OF *THIS* -- WHERE'S THAT DAMN *EARLY PREGNANCY TEST* I BOUGHT?

HERE, I CAN'T LOOK. *YOU* CHECK IT.

WHY IS IT ALL *WET?*

MONROE, YOU KNOW HOW YOU'VE *ALWAYS WANTED* A LITTLE BROTHER?

*I NEVER SAID THAT!* I GET *NO* ATTENTION AS IT IS! CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW IT WOULD BE WITH A-A *BABY* AROUND HERE?

*C'MON,* THE *THREE* OF US WILL HAVE A *GREAT TIME!*

BESIDES, A SECOND CHILD *GETS US* AN *EXTRA* FORTY CLAMS IN FOOD STAMPS FROM UNCLE SAP!

I *DON'T* BELIEVE THIS! YOU FIGURED OUT A WAY TO BRING EVEN *MORE MISERY* INTO THE WORLD!



ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

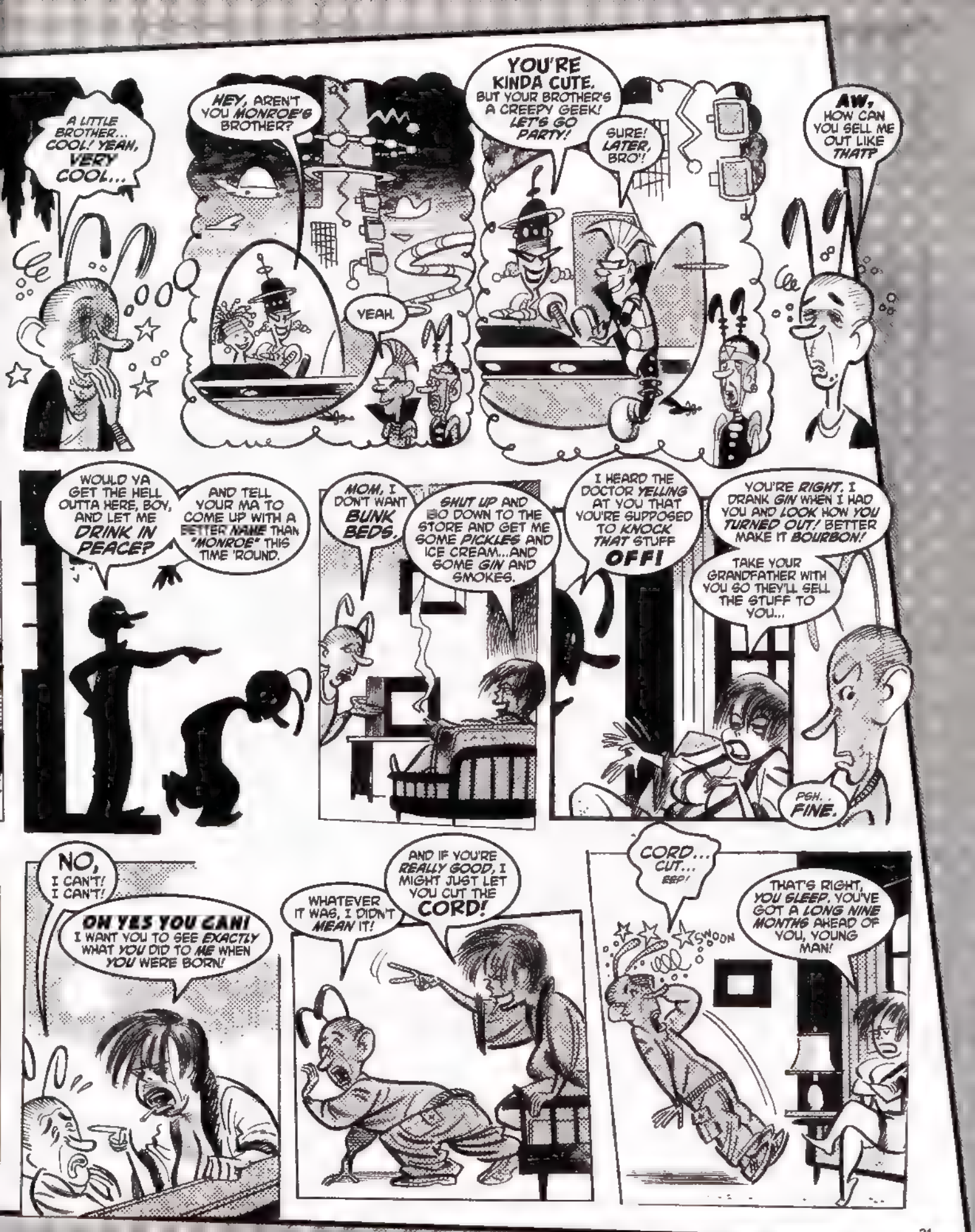
# THE BABY

Join us as Monroe finds out the true meaning of the phrase "labor pains."

REMIND ME TO NEVER GO TO HAPPY HOUR AT THE REGAL BEAGLE ANY MORE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ENDED UP WITH DAD LAST NIGHT. A COUPLE OF GREASY BIKERS I WOULD UNDERSTAND, BUT DAD?
I DON'T TRUST THAT YOUNG MAN!
LET'S JUST DROP IT! MY HEAD IS KILLING ME!
HELLOOOO. I PEED ALL OVER IT!
YEECH!
IS IT BLUE OR GREEN?
IT'S... UM. AQUA?
GIMME THAT...
OH, DAMN!
GET A LOAD OF THIS ARTICLE, "COMPUTER SAVVY YOUTH STAND TO GENERATE HUGE EARNINGS FOR THEIR PARENTS"!
SEE, MOM -- I COULD MAKE US RICH!
YOU?!!
YOU COULDN'T MAKE US A KETCHUP SANDWICH! LET'S FACE IT, WE MISSED THE BOAT WITH YOU, KID!
HA! SHE SAID IT, MONTY, I DIDN'T!

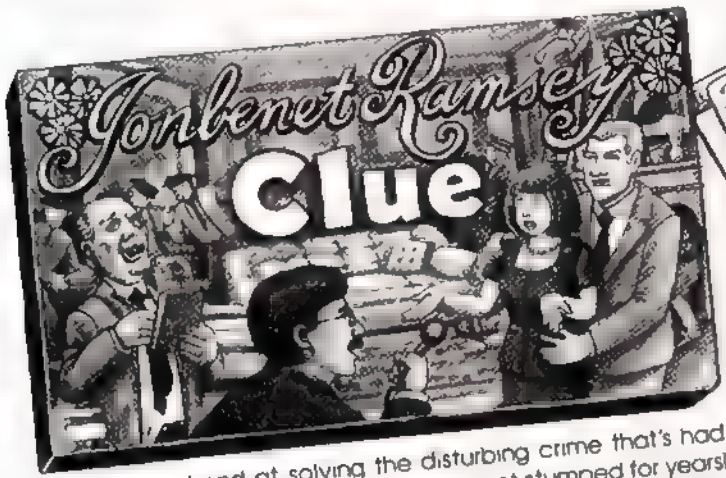
# MONROE

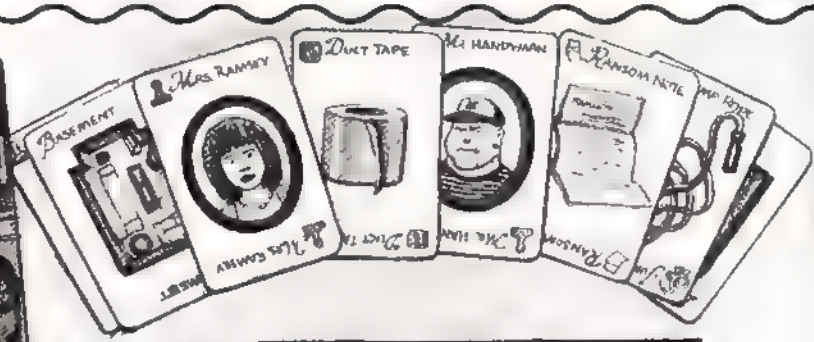
HEY MONROE, WALTER'S GOIN' AROUND SCHOOL TELLING EVERYBODY YOUR MOTHER'S KNOCKED UP! BUMMER!
I DON'T KNOW I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT AND IT MIGHT BE COOL!
RIGHT. "COOL". HERE'S A FUN FACT FOR YA! THE AMOUNT OF GIFTS YOU WERE EVER GONNA GET JUST GOT CUT IN HALF!
YEAH... WELL... MY KID BROTHER IS GONNA BE COOL!
WOCK!
YEAH? WHAT IF IT'S A GIRL LIKE YOU!
A GIRL LIKE YOU! GOOD ONE, DYLAN!
SO, YOUR MOMMA'S CLAIMING I KNOCKED HER UP WITH MY DEMON SEED, HUH? I'M SURPRISED IT COULD TAKE ROOT IN THAT POLLUTED SWAMP OF HERS.
I GUESS.
TONY B'S JUNKYARD
SHE'D BETTER NOT BE EXPECTING ANY MORE BLOOD MONEY FROM ME! IT ALREADY COSTS ME A DAMN FORTUNE TO KEEP YOU IN PAYLESS SHOES!
YEAH. LISTEN, DAD, WHAT WAS IT LIKE HAVING A BROTHER?
YOU MEAN YOUR UNCLE LARRY? WE SHARED A BUNK BED. HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS HANDS OFF HISSELF! I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL!
YEAH? SO IT WAS COOL?
HERE'S YOUR STUFF, MOM.
GREAT, SIT DOWN. THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL'S GOT A SHOW ON ABOUT ANIMALS GIVING BIRTH!
EEEWW! GNARLY!
IT'S IMPORTANT YOU GET USED TO THIS STUFF FOR WHEN YOU'RE WITH ME IN THE DELIVERY ROOM.
THE MIRACLE OF
GALLONS OF AFTERBIRTH
FOOWSH!
IN THE WHERE? BUT... BUT...
THAT'S RIGHT, I SIGNED YOU TO BE MY LAMAZE COACH!

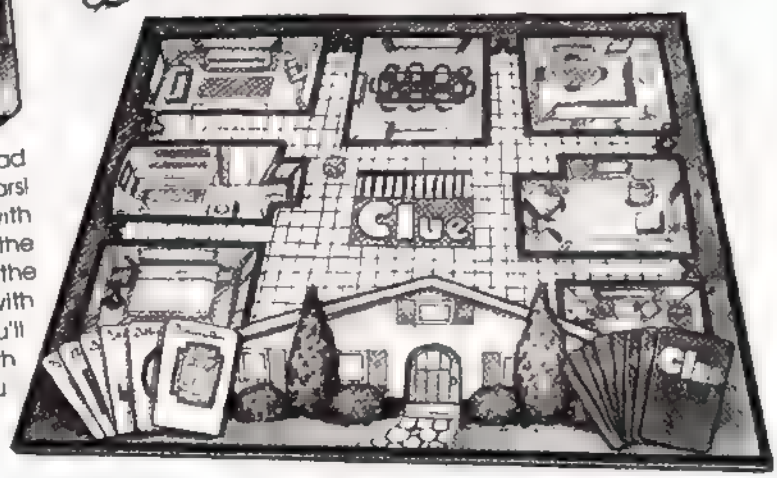

A LITTLE BROTHER... COOL! YEAH, VERY COOL...
HEY, AREN'T YOU MONROE'S BROTHER?
YEAH.
YOU'RE KINDA CUTE. BUT YOUR BROTHER'S A CREEPY GEEK! LET'S GO PARTY!
SURE! LATER, BRO!
AW, HOW CAN YOU SELL ME OUT LIKE THAT?
WOULD YA GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE, BOY, AND LET ME DRINK IN PEACE?
AND TELL YOUR MA TO COME UP WITH A BETTER NAME THAN "MONROE" THIS TIME 'ROUND.
MOM, I DON'T WANT BUNK BEDS.
SHUT UP AND GO DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET ME SOME PICKLES AND ICE CREAM...AND SOME GIN AND SMOKES.
I HEARD THE DOCTOR YELLING AT YOU THAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOCK THAT STUFF OFF!
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DRANK GIN WHEN I HAD YOU AND LOOK HOW YOU TURNED OUT! BETTER MAKE IT BOURBON!
TAKE YOUR GRANDFATHER WITH YOU SO THEY'LL SELL THE STUFF TO YOU...
PSH. FINE.
NO, I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
OH YES YOU CAN! I WANT YOU TO SEE EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID TO ME WHEN YOU WERE BORN!
WHATEVER IT WAS, I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
AND IF YOU'RE REALLY GOOD, I MIGHT JUST LET YOU CUT THE CORD!
CORD... CUT... BEEP!
SWOON
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU SLEEP. YOU'VE GOT A LONG NINE MONTHS AHEAD OF YOU, YOUNG MAN!

**In 1999, for the 14th consecutive year, sales of board games dropped by an alarming 41%. (Note: We have no idea if that's true.) Realizing that board games**

# UPDATED BOARD GAMES




Try your hand at solving the disturbing crime that's had the entire Boulder Police Department stumped for years! Was it...Mrs. Ramsey in the cellar with the duct tape with Mr Ramsey hiding the evidence? Or was it . Mrs. Ramsey in the attic with the fake ransom note with Mr Ramsey hiding the evidence? Or could it be Mrs. Ramsey in the rec room with the jump rope with Mr. Ramsey hiding the evidence? You'll find definitive answers difficult to come by, especially with the Geraldo-led non-stop media circus distracting you and blurring the facts. But not to worry! At least you can rule out Colonel Mustard and the gang!

Forget about that tired old fo'ty ounce! Drink in the gin and juice of word power instead! Form words like "whassup," "phat," "a'ight," and "booya" (worth 46 points on a double word score)! Spell a word correctly according to Webster's Dictionary and you lose a turn. This ebonically-correct game comes with a handy "Wigger-to-English" dictionary, but be warned: Players have been known to consult their gats instead! (Endorsed by Kid Rock, Eminem and the new "funky" Colonel Sanders.)

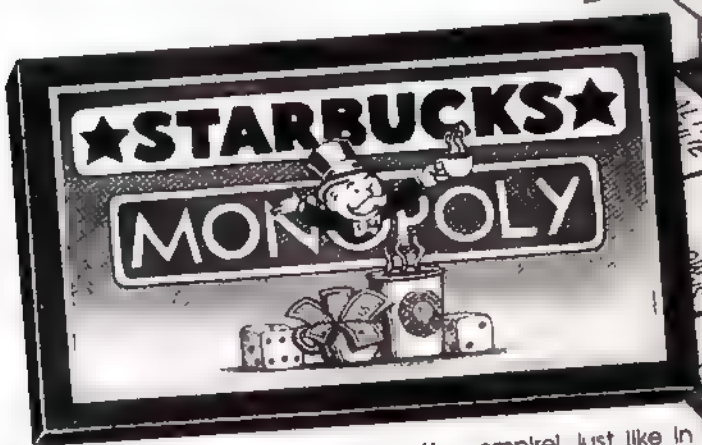


ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: ARIE KAPLAN

belong to a different time, a different era — and yes, a different century, manufacturers have to make them more relevant to today's youth by coming up with these...

# FOR THE 21ST CENTURY

Now you can command your very own battleship of lusty young sailors! But you'll have to keep their sexual orientation secret or go down with the ship! The first player to "out" the other's battleship with a well-placed pink torpedo wins — and then it's "Fire in the hole!" Whether you're sexually tolerant or a paranoid homophobe, you'll be shouting, "Up periscope all the way!" Comes with a free CD single of the Village People's classic, *In The Navy*.



Create your very own corporate coffee empire! Just like in traditional Monopoly, you race around the board and buy all the classic properties from Ventnor Ave. to Boardwalk. But instead of houses and hotels, you erect spanking new Starbucks stores! Wheel and deal with enough savvy and you can put up nine franchises in the same three-block neighborhood — just like in real life! And by charging $7.95 for a six-ounce Frappuccino, you'll be rakin' in thousands and thousands Monopoly bucks! The familiar game tokens have been replaced with the Colombian burro, hipster goatee, bloodshot eyeball and the black-as-tar cup of Joe! Also available: Wal-Mart Monopoly, Barnes and Noble Monopoly and Blockbuster Video Monopoly.

# WELCOME TO SUBURBIA

THE REASON SHAKE 'N' BAKE CHICKEN WAS MADE

WHERE *TV GUIDE* IS GOSPEL

LOCATED BY A WAL-MART NEAR YOU

Traffic Jam of S.U.V.s Driving to the Gym

Only Known Road Leading to the Real World

Traffic Jam of Gardeners to Mow Lawns of Homeowners at the Gym

Shootout Caused by Noisy Leaf Blower

The Weekly Adult Softball Game That Has .01 Players for Every Beer

Endless Expanse of Well-Kept, Pesticide-Soaked Lawns

Pack of Deformed Dogs That Rolled in Pesticide-Soaked Lawns

Ice Cream Truck Driven by Same Guy Who's Santa at the Mall

ARTIST: PAUL COKER
WRITER: RYAN BAGLEY

Smoker's Hill, Where Rebellious Teens Discuss How Awful This Cruel, Cruel World is in Their $100 Shoes, $50 Pants and $30 Haircuts

KEY

CONCENTRATED ASSORTMENT OF PARKED MINI-VANS

CARBON COPY ALUMINUM-SIDED HOMES

CONSTRUCTION BEING DONE AT STRATEGIC LOCATIONS AROUND TOWN TO ENSURE THAT AT ANY GIVEN TIME ALL ROUTES WILL HAVE TO TAKE A DETOUR

MEGA-MALL THAT'S NEVER MORE THAN 15 MINUTES AWAY

All Roads Lead to the Mall

Last Remaining Restaurant Not Belonging to a Franchise or Chain

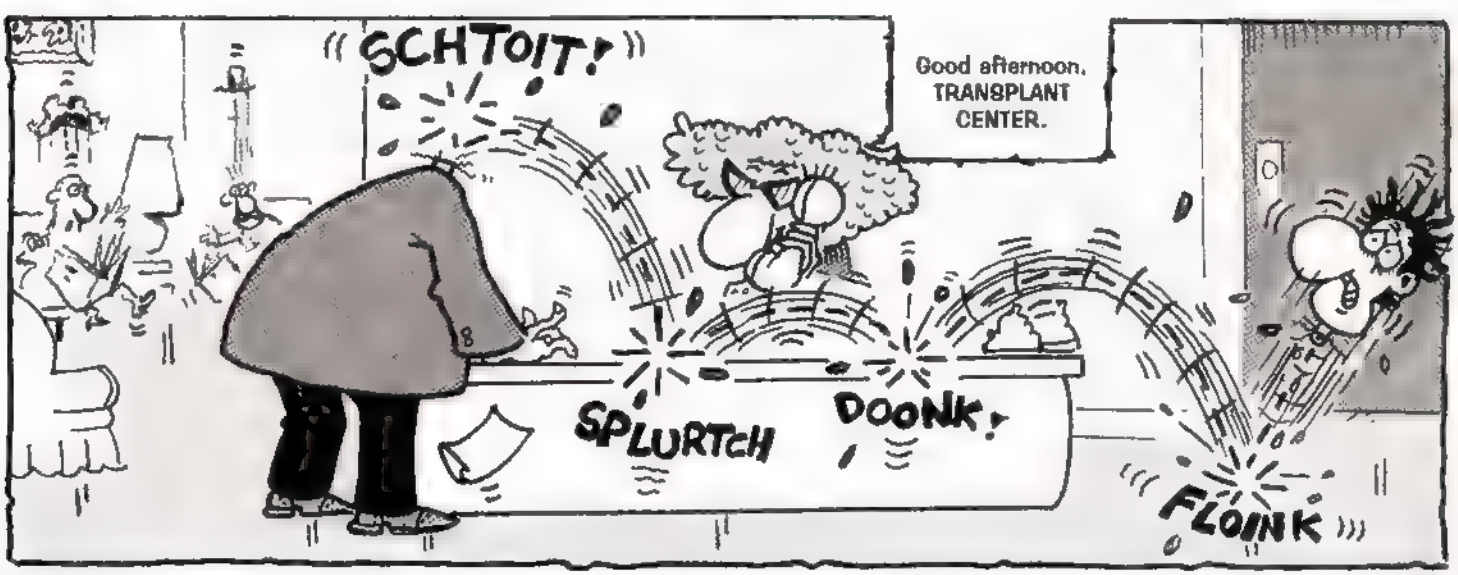
The Only House That Has Christmas Lights Up All Year

The Field of Fathers Living Failed Sports Dreams Through Their Kids

The Friendly Neighborhood Gas Station, Where a Fume-Addled Attendant Will Let You Pump Your Own Gas Only After You've Paid in Advance

# TALES FROM the DUCK SIDE

# BACK TO THE SUTURE






ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING

With the billion-dollar successes of Bill Gates and Jeff Bezos, it can be inferred that the computer technology boom is the ultimate revenge of the nerds. All that money would surely make even the geekiest of geeks very appealing! But before you go out and start dating these pasty-faced dorks with the hope of becoming the next billionaire wife, you might want to consider some of the downsides, as we point out in...

# WHY CYBERGEEKS MAKE LOUSY BOYFRIENDS

ARTIST: GREY BLACKWELL WRITER: STEVEN D'AMBROSIO

HIS FUTURE PLANS FOR THE TWO OF YOU NEVER GET PAST "WELL, FIRST WE SHOULD PLAY ANOTHER GAME OF MYST."

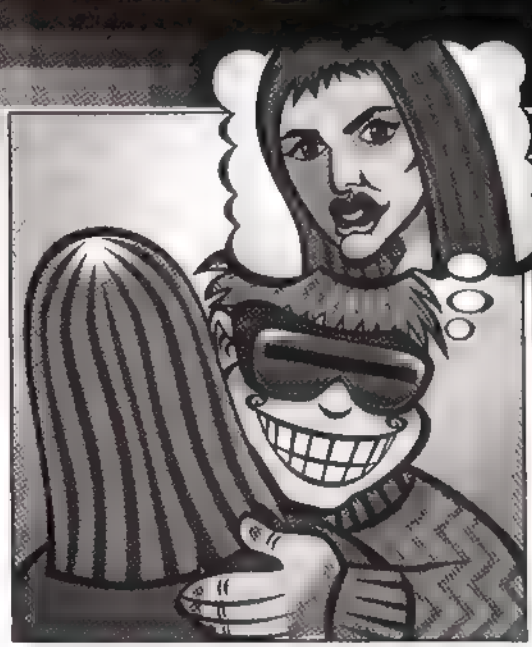
CREASE HIS NEW ISSUE OF *WIRED* AND HE WON'T TALK TO YOU FOR WEEKS.

WEB CAMS IN THE SHOWER.

WHEN NOBODY ACCESSES HIS WEB PAGE THE DEPRESSION LASTS FOR DAYS.

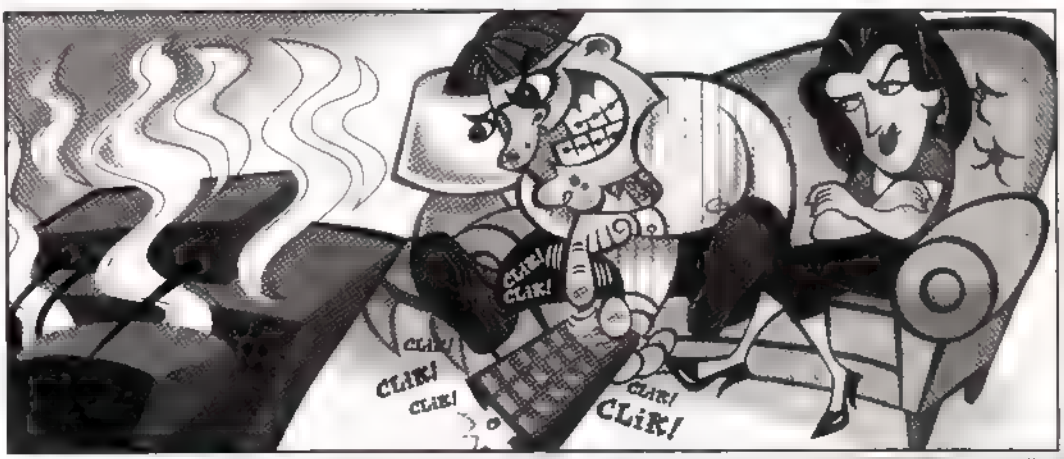
# WHY CYBERGEEKS MAKE LOUSY BOYFRIENDS

HE'LL GET YOU AN ENGAGEMENT RING JUST AS SOON AS HE'S THE HIGHEST BIDDER ON eBAY.

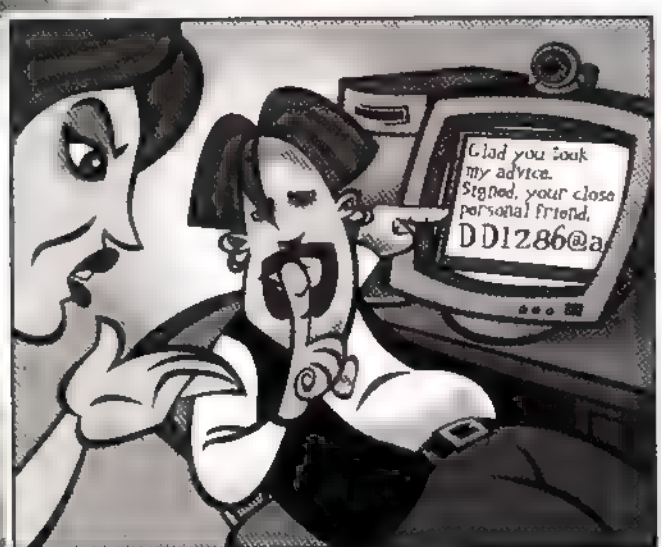


YOU'RE ONLY PRACTICE TILL VIRTUAL REALITY TECHNOLOGY REALLY TAKES OFF AND HE CAN "DATE" ANGELINA JOLIE.

SCULLY IS HIS GODDESS AND YOU'RE NO SCULLY.

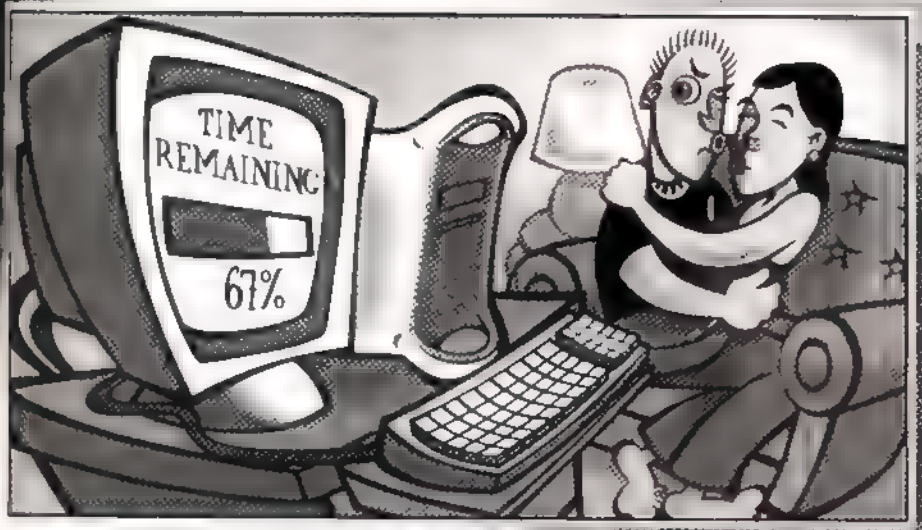



WHEN LEFT ALONE AT YOUR PARENTS' HOUSE, HE'D CHOOSE PLAYING WITH YOUR FATHER'S NEW WEB TV OVER FOOLING AROUND.



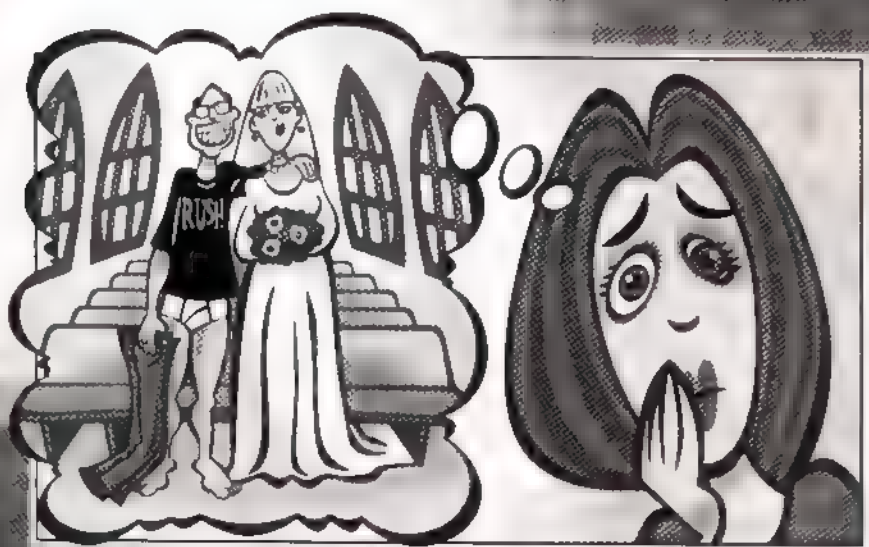

YOUR OPINION OFTEN COMES IN SECOND, RIGHT BEHIND THAT OF SOMEBODY HE'S NEVER MET BUT HAS BEEN PLAYING ELECTRONIC DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS WITH FOR FIVE YEARS.

HE'LL NEVER GIVE YOU THE PASSWORD TO ANY OF HIS E-MAIL ACCOUNTS, BUT IF YOU REFUSE TO GIVE HIM THE PASSWORD TO YOURS, HE'LL BREAK IN AND CHANGE IT TO "BITCH" JUST TO PROVE HE CAN.



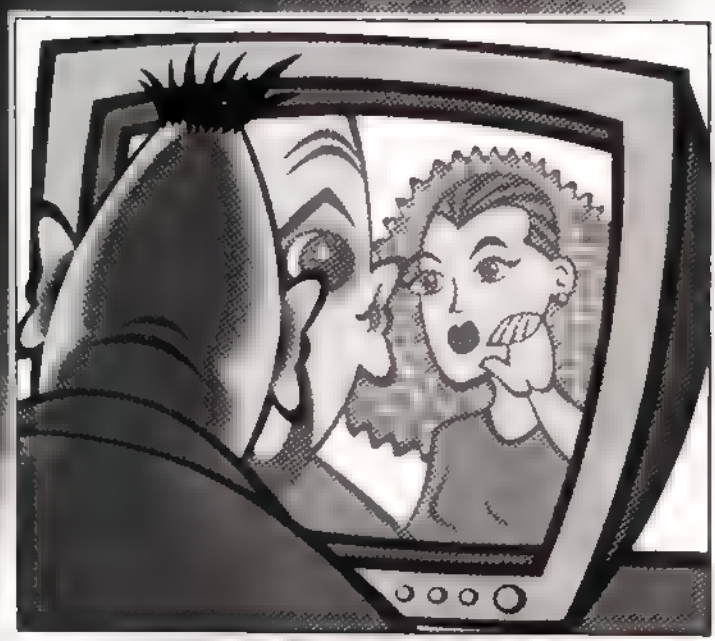

YOU HAVE TO WAIT TILL HIS COMPUTER IS TIED UP DOWNLOADING A NEW GAME FOR A FEW MINUTES OF QUALITY TIME TOGETHER.

HAVING TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PC OR MAC WAS ALREADY ONE LIFETIME COMMITMENT TOO MANY.




AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF WORKING AT THE COMPUTER IN UNDERWEAR AND AN OLD RUSH T-SHIRT, DRESSING UP HAS COME TO MEAN NOTHING MORE THAN PUTTING ON PANTS.

AFTER 16 HOURS A DAY IN A CHAT ROOM, HE'S GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU.



YOU CAN ONLY LOOK HIM IN THE EYE THROUGH THE REFLECTION ON HIS MONITOR.

YOU HAVE TO PLAN YOUR SOCIAL CALENDAR AROUND SOFTWARE RELEASE DATES.

# GADGETS TO

You've seen the ads: "Buy a 52-inch giant screen TV, add a high-powered 6-channel Dolby surround sound system and you'll have a 'home theater' that's exactly like being at the movies!" Hmmm...not quite. To do that, you'll need to add the additional accessories we've created...

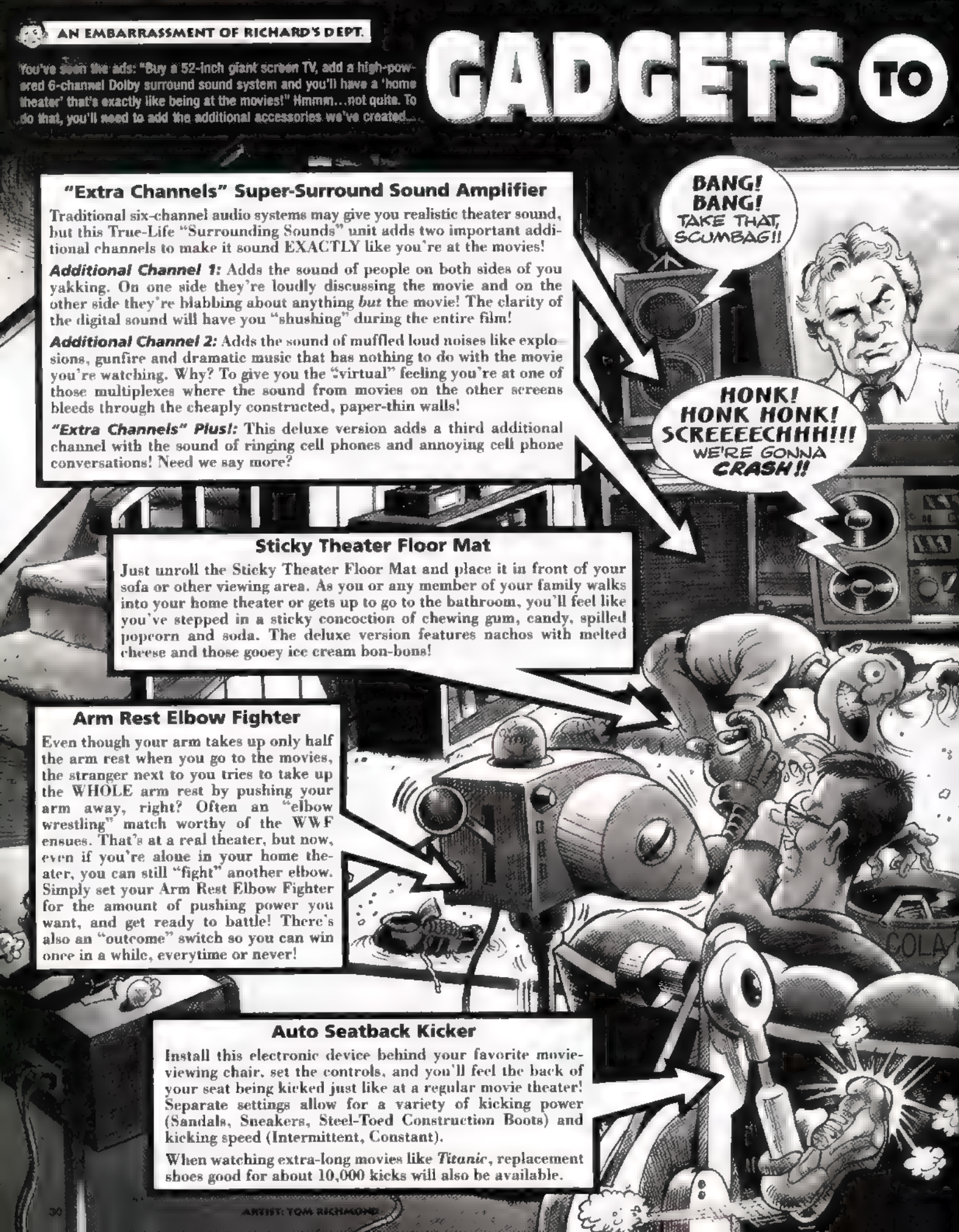
## "Extra Channels" Super-Surround Sound Amplifier

Traditional six-channel audio systems may give you realistic theater sound, but this True-Life "Surrounding Sounds" unit adds two important additional channels to make it sound EXACTLY like you're at the movies!

***Additional Channel 1:*** Adds the sound of people on both sides of you yakking. On one side they're loudly discussing the movie and on the other side they're blabbing about anything *but* the movie! The clarity of the digital sound will have you "shushing" during the entire film!

***Additional Channel 2:*** Adds the sound of muffled loud noises like explosions, gunfire and dramatic music that has nothing to do with the movie you're watching. Why? To give you the "virtual" feeling you're at one of those multiplexes where the sound from movies on the other screens bleeds through the cheaply constructed, paper-thin walls!

***"Extra Channels" Plus!:*** This deluxe version adds a third additional channel with the sound of ringing cell phones and annoying cell phone conversations! Need we say more?




## Sticky Theater Floor Mat

Just unroll the Sticky Theater Floor Mat and place it in front of your sofa or other viewing area. As you or any member of your family walks into your home theater or gets up to go to the bathroom, you'll feel like you've stepped in a sticky concoction of chewing gum, candy, spilled popcorn and soda. The deluxe version features nachos with melted cheese and those gooey ice cream bon-bons!

## Arm Rest Elbow Fighter

Even though your arm takes up only half the arm rest when you go to the movies, the stranger next to you tries to take up the WHOLE arm rest by pushing your arm away, right? Often an "elbow wrestling" match worthy of the WWF ensues. That's at a real theater, but now, even if you're alone in your home theater, you can still "fight" another elbow. Simply set your Arm Rest Elbow Fighter for the amount of pushing power you want, and get ready to battle! There's also an "outcome" switch so you can win once in a while, everytime or never!

## Auto Seatback Kicker

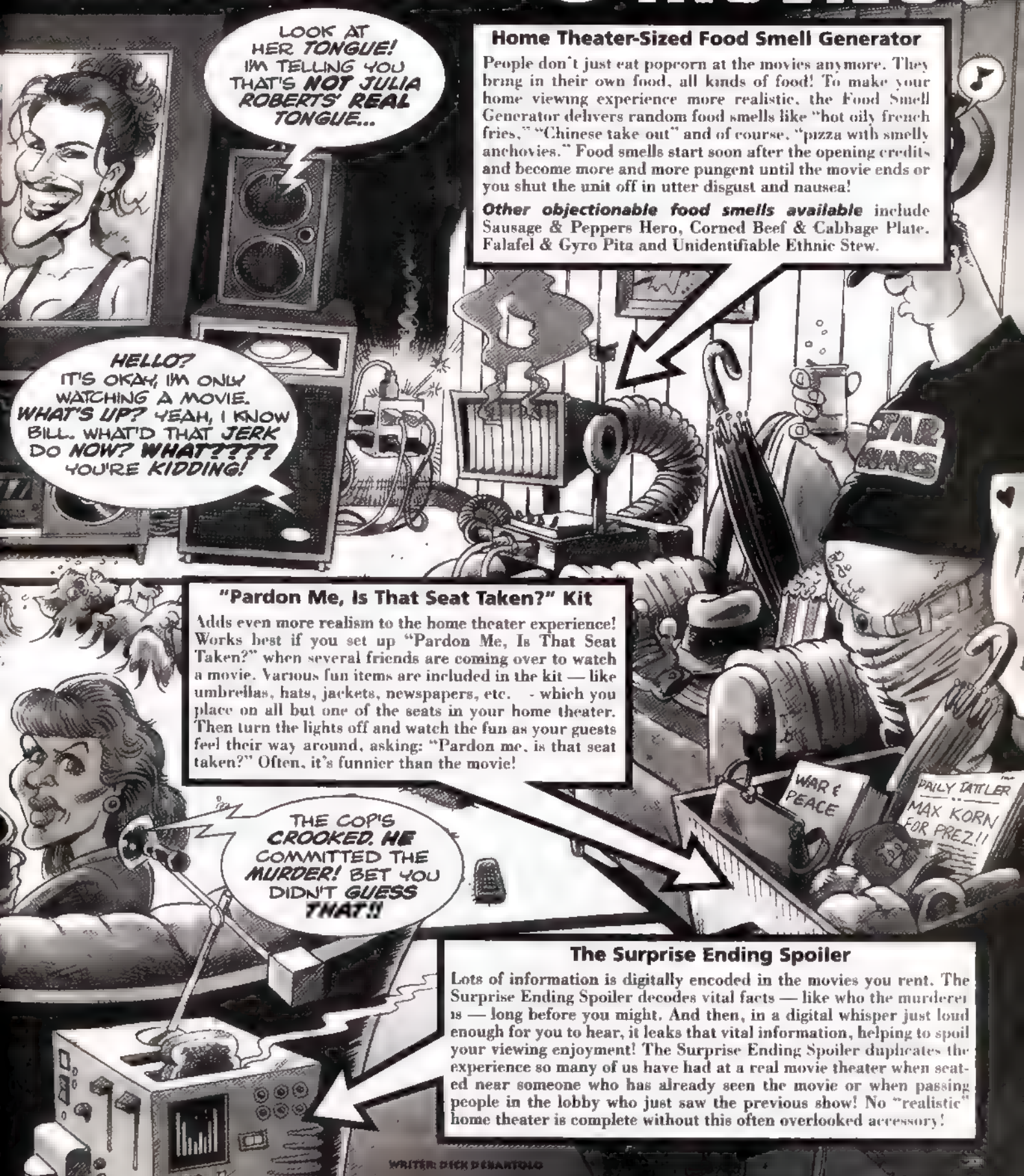
Install this electronic device behind your favorite movie-viewing chair, set the controls, and you'll feel the back of your seat being kicked just like at a regular movie theater! Separate settings allow for a variety of kicking power (Sandals, Sneakers, Steel-Toed Construction Boots) and kicking speed (Intermittent, Constant).

When watching extra-long movies like *Titanic*, replacement shoes good for about 10,000 kicks will also be available.



ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

# REALLY MAKE HOME THEATER LIKE GOING TO THE MOVIES!


LOOK AT HER TONGUE! IM TELLING YOU THAT'S NOT JULIA ROBERTS' REAL TONGUE...
HELLO? IT'S OKAY, IM ONLY WATCHING A MOVIE. WHAT'S UP? YEAH, I KNOW BILL. WHAT'D THAT JERK DO NOW? WHAT???? YOU'RE KIDDING!
STAR WARS
WAR & PEACE
DAILY TATTLER
MAX KORN FOR PREZ!!
THE COP'S CROOKED. HE COMMITTED THE MURDER! BET YOU DIDN'T GUESS THAT!!

## Home Theater-Sized Food Smell Generator

People don't just eat popcorn at the movies anymore. They bring in their own food, all kinds of food! To make your home viewing experience more realistic, the Food Smell Generator delivers random food smells like "hot oily french fries," "Chinese take out" and of course, "pizza with smelly anchovies." Food smells start soon after the opening credits and become more and more pungent until the movie ends or you shut the unit off in utter disgust and nausea!

***Other objectionable food smells available*** include Sausage & Peppers Hero, Corned Beef & Cabbage Plate, Falafel & Gyro Pita and Unidentifiable Ethnic Stew.

## "Pardon Me, Is That Seat Taken?" Kit

Adds even more realism to the home theater experience! Works best if you set up "Pardon Me, Is That Seat Taken?" when several friends are coming over to watch a movie. Various fun items are included in the kit — like umbrellas, hats, jackets, newspapers, etc. - which you place on all but one of the seats in your home theater. Then turn the lights off and watch the fun as your guests feel their way around, asking: "Pardon me, is that seat taken?" Often, it's funnier than the movie!

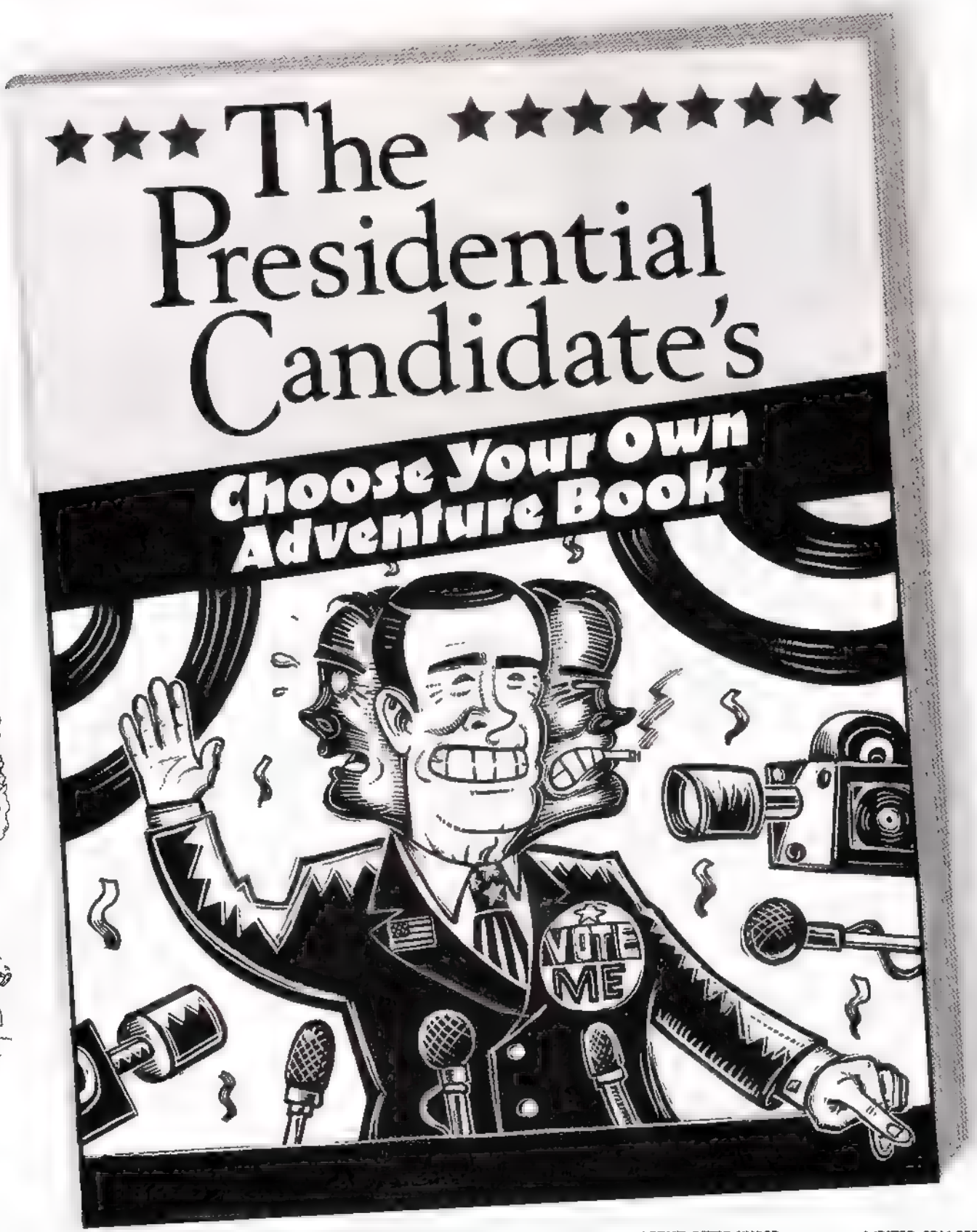
## The Surprise Ending Spoiler

Lots of information is digitally encoded in the movies you rent. The Surprise Ending Spoiler decodes vital facts — like who the murderer is — long before you might. And then, in a digital whisper just loud enough for you to hear, it leaks that vital information, helping to spoil your viewing enjoyment! The Surprise Ending Spoiler duplicates the experience so many of us have had at a real movie theater when seated near someone who has already seen the movie or when passing people in the lobby who just saw the previous show! No "realistic" home theater is complete without this often overlooked accessory!

WRITER: DICK D'ERANTOLO

## ELECTILE DYSFUNCTION DEPT.

For a number of years, there has been a popular book series called *Choose Your Own Adventure*. For a dull description of that series, continue reading. To avoid that part, just skip to the fifth line of this introduction. *The Choose Your Own Adventure* series utilizes a gimmick which makes the reading of a hackneyed juvenile adventure story into an interactive experience. Readers decide which course of action the story's main character takes, and steer the story into any of several possible directions. To continue reading this introduction, keep going. To skip the rest of this introduction, go straight to the title. Perhaps your best choice might be to turn to *Monroe* or *The Lighter Side Of...* and completely avoid...



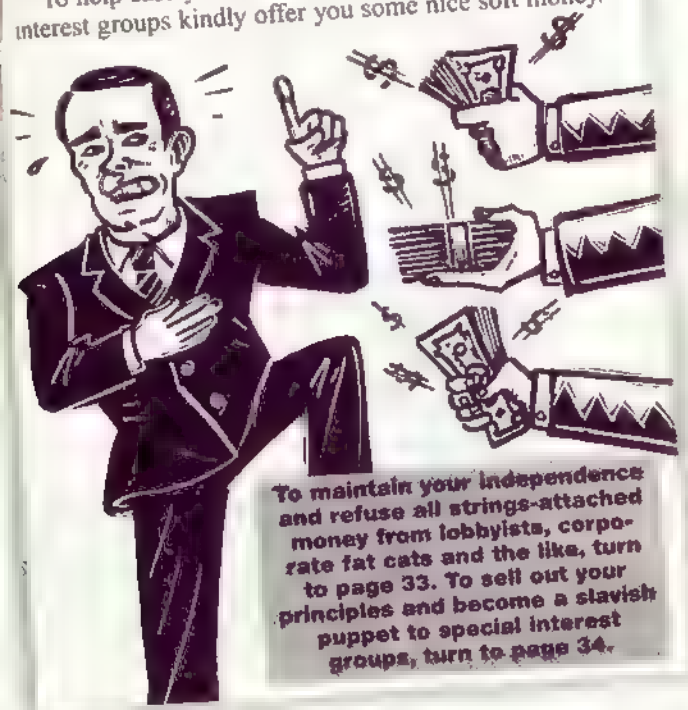



ARTIST: PETER KUPER WRITER: ERIC PERLIN

— Page 1 —

With dreams of bettering people's lives through public service, you aspire to run for president of the United States. But running for president costs millions and millions of dollars.

To help ease your financial burden, several special interest groups kindly offer you some nice soft money.



**To maintain your independence and refuse all strings-attached money from lobbyists, corporate fat cats and the like, turn to page 33. To sell out your principles and become a slavish puppet to special interest groups, turn to page 34.**

— Page 18 —

You give a heartfelt, well-thought out answer that carefully addresses all the subtle nuances of this important issue. As a result, you anger both viewers who disagree with your position, as well as viewers who agree with you, but don't want to hear such somber talk on *In the Shank of the Evening with Lance Rivers.*

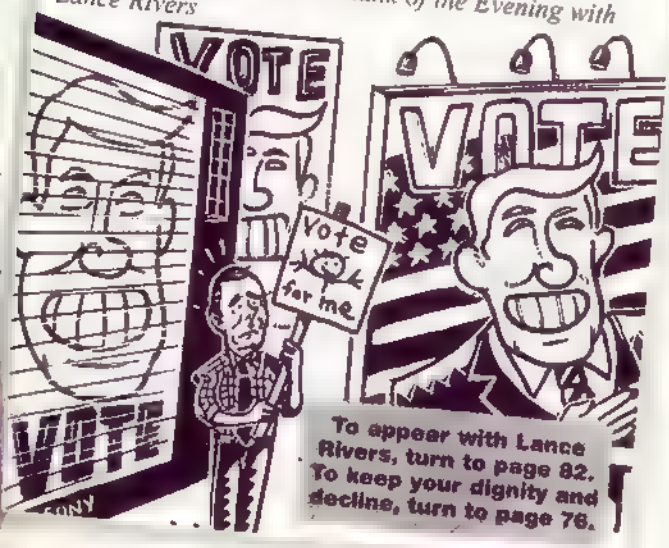
Your comments are picked up and broadcast by all the major news outlets, and you end up pissing off all the people who were too stupid to follow the issue in the first place.

New poll numbers indicate that you're now running behind an obscure fourth party candidate who claims to be an extraterrestrial from the planet Zimbo in the Chancar Galaxy. Staff members abandon your campaign in droves, funding dries up and you have no choice but to get the hell out of the race – and fast!

**To deliver your concession speech turn to page 191.**

— Page 33 —

Unlike you, your opponent has accepted soft money and is running six commercials on every episode of *Survivor,* which immediately translates into invitations to appear on every major Sunday morning news show. Using only your own money plus a piffling few hundred thousand raised by your grassroots supporters on the internet, you can only afford some balloons and nail clippers with your name on them. The only TV invitation you receive is to appear on the local cable access show *In the Shank of the Evening with Lance Rivers*




**To appear with Lance Rivers, turn to page 82. To keep your dignity and decline, turn to page 76.**

— Page 34 —

Campaign contributions pour in. You get a few million from *Restaurant Owners for the Elimination of Health Code Enforcement,* a few more million from *The Committee to Eliminate Income Taxes for Millionaires* and a few additional millions here and there from questionable special interest groups.

While a few million won't go too far by itself, the combined millions from these sources add up. Your name is in the spotlight enough to give you the lead.

Now that you're ahead, you might want to think about coming up with a campaign strategy.

**To campaign on the issues, turn to page 128. To campaign on your image, turn to page 129.**

— Page 66 —

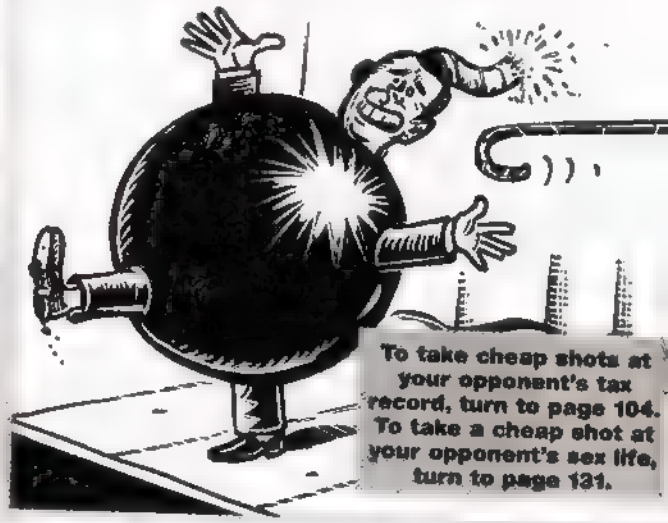
The 19.5 million dollars hits the spot! You begin a full media blitz campaigning as "The candidate with character who can't be bought!" Things are going great until you're grilled by a relentless investigative reporter on the nation's top-rated news magazine show. Waving copies of the 19.5 million dollars worth of cancelled checks in your face, he declares that you've been bought so badly by the tobacco and firearm industries that you should "have a UPC symbol on your ass!" He asks, "How does it feel to be a corporate slut?"

To give an evasive, gibberish-laden pseudo-response, turn to page 77. To just plain lie outright, turn to page 74.

— Page 67 —

Taking the lighthearted approach, you jokingly compare classroom flag-burning to the near-fatal fiery car crash Lance was in last August. The joke bomb Lance mutters something about going to commercial and you are quickly ushered off the show amidst a chorus of boos from the live audience.

In the limo, the political consultant who wrote that joke says, "Well, I thought that went well." The public disagrees and your already-abysmal poll ratings plummet even further. Your only chance for survival now is to demonize your opponent during the debates.

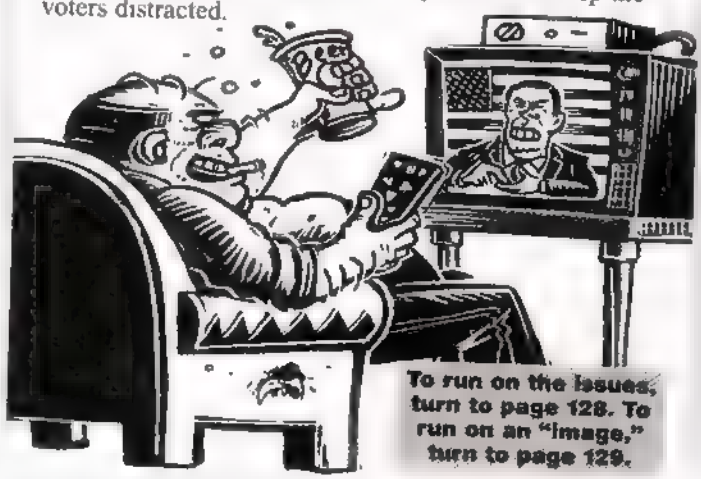


To take cheap shots at your opponent's tax record, turn to page 104. To take a cheap shot at your opponent's sex life, turn to page 131.

Page 77

You say: "What I meant was that I have a firm position on this issue under the circumstances in which that position might be warranted. However, the individuals who have helped with my campaign represent the American people, and I will always uphold the wishes of the American people!"

Your popularity soars among inattentive channel-surfers who only heard "I will always uphold the wishes of the American people!" That boost was just what you needed to win the primaries. Realizing that you probably can't fool all of the people all of the time, you decide you'll probably need some sort of platform to keep the voters distracted.

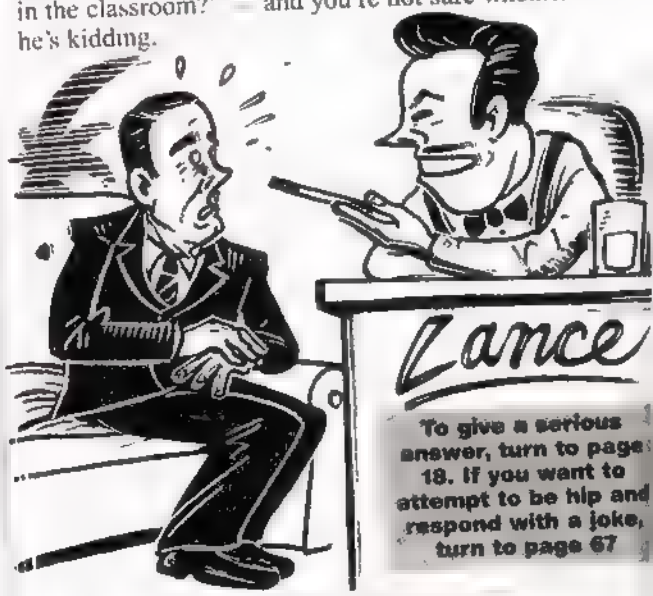


To run on the issues, turn to page 128. To run on an "image," turn to page 129.

— Page 82 —

Lance Rivers keeps the audience rolling with his opening monologue, filled with wacky zingers about your candidacy and how you have about as much chance of becoming President as Marilyn Manson has of becoming Pope. He also makes fun of the goofy way you walk, your Sears Mens Shop suit and your wife's hair

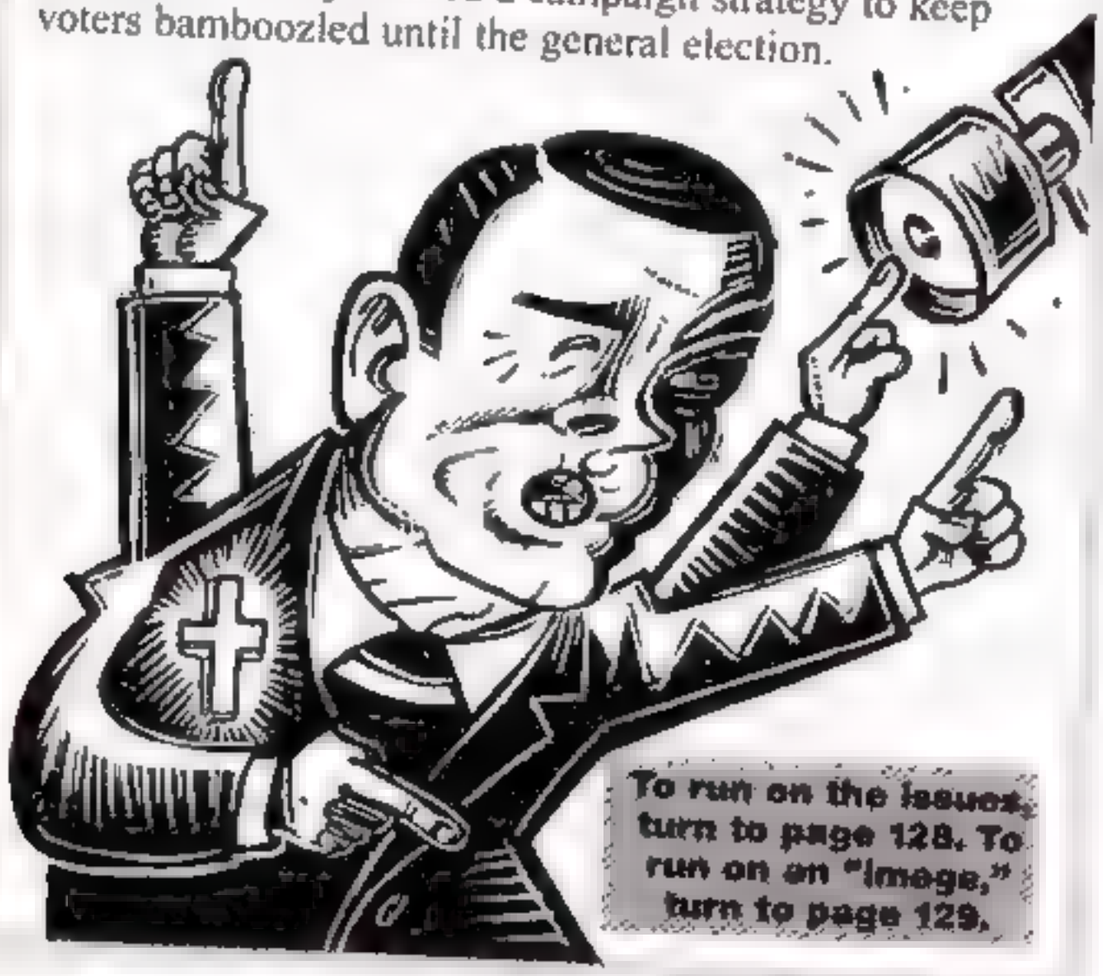
When you finally sit down with Lance, he hits you with a question — "What is your position on flag burning in the classroom?" — and you're not sure whether or not he's kidding.




To give a serious answer, turn to page 18. If you want to attempt to be hip and respond with a joke, turn to page 67

Shaking your finger defiantly at the camera, you insist that you did not accept special interest money. "This is a right and left wing conspiracy," you emphatically declare. "I put my faith in the American people and that of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ!"

Playing the God Card works like a charm. Bamboozled Christians march lockstep into voting booths around the country to vote for you and you handily win the primaries. Now you need a campaign strategy to keep voters bamboozled until the general election.

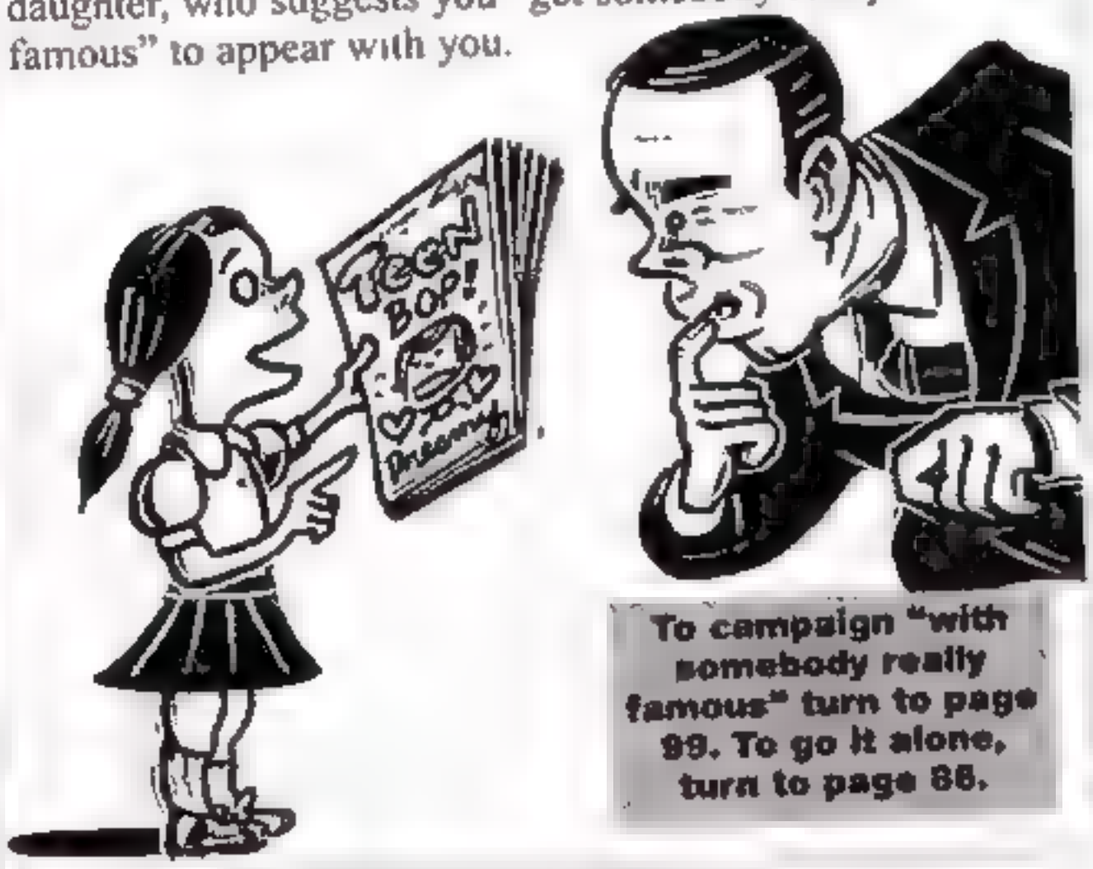


To run on the issues, turn to page 128. To run on an "image," turn to page 129.



Desperate for exposure, you ask your staff for suggestions on how you can increase your name recognition with voters. Among their suggestions: walk across the entire country in lederhosen, hot-link your web site to every site with the phrase "teen cheerleaders" in it, and appear outside the *Today* Show window every morning, until Al Roker finally breaks down and asks you, "So, what do you do for a living?" and you can answer, "I'm running for President, Al!"

The most intriguing idea comes from your six-year old daughter, who suggests you "get somebody really famous" to appear with you.

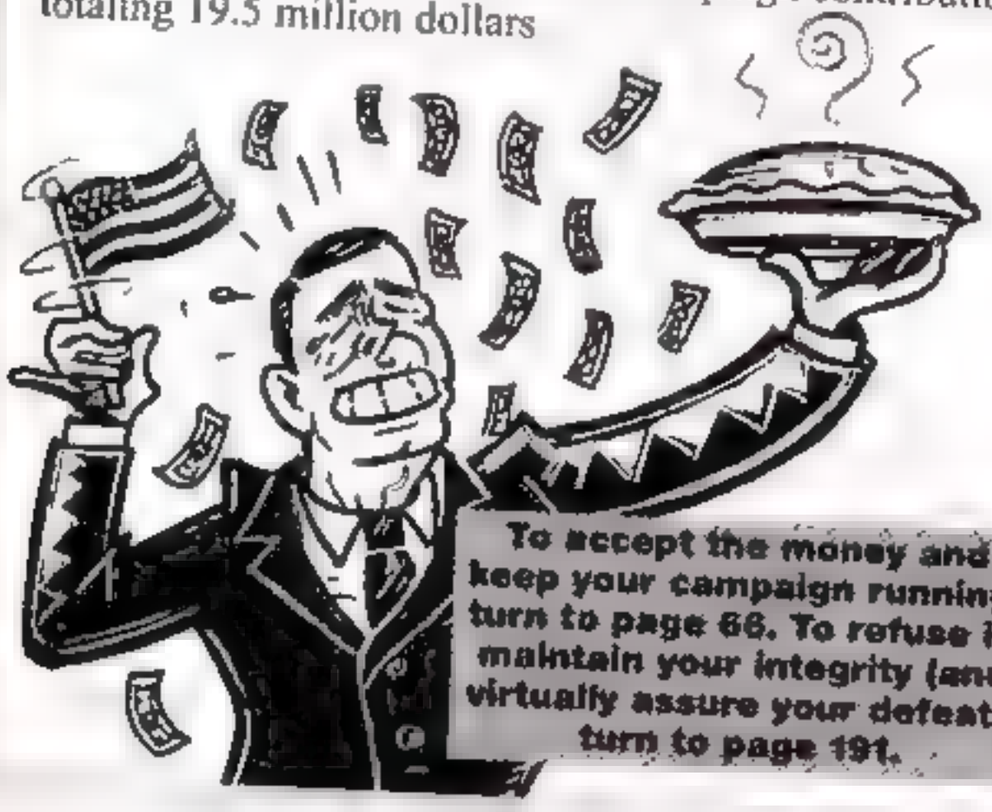



To campaign "with somebody really famous" turn to page 99. To go it alone, turn to page 86.



Without a celebrity on the campaign trail to get you free press, you wallow in relative obscurity until you suddenly get to appear on a phone-in TV show called *Washington Last Week*. On the show, the substitute host asks your position on campaign finance reform. You passionately express your strong support, invoking both the American Flag and apple pie in your response.

The next day, Farmer Jones Apple Pies, Inc. (a subsidiary of Amalgamated Tobacco Co.) and the Apex Flag Makers of America (a division of U.S Assault Weapons Ltd ) commend you on your principled stand. As a way of "saluting" you, they kindly offer campaign contributions totaling 19.5 million dollars



To accept the money and keep your campaign running, turn to page 66. To refuse it, maintain your integrity (and virtually assure your defeat), turn to page 191.



You call up your old pal, retired football great Ed "Butty" Hamper, and ask him to do some TV spots endorsing you. The spots are an immediate hit and your ratings soar. Things could not be going better until Butty is arrested for DWI, selling crack cocaine and attempting to murder his wife and child, all on the same day. Making matters worse, it's another week before you are able to pull Butty's spots endorsing you. New polling data suggests a small but growing segment of the voters think he's your running mate. Your approval ratings quickly plunge below where they were before the Butty fiasco

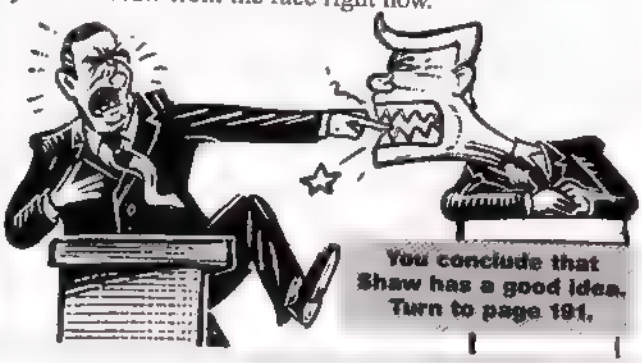
Since you're essentially right back where you were before you turned to this page, you might as well turn to page 86 now.

— Page 104—

Your plan to attack your opponent in the debates never gets off the ground, as he had a similar plan to attack you and he got to go first. No matter what question is put to him, he twists his response to remind everyone that when you were on the school board 20 years ago, you were at a carnival riding the Spinning Cups while an innocent man in a neighboring state was being put to death in the electric chair.

Caught like a deer in the headlights, your flustered response is, "I'm rubber, you're glue/Whatever you say bounces off me and sticks to you." You do take a small personal victory, however, when you are able to declare that you weren't riding the Spinning Cups — it was the Bumper Cars!

At the end of the debate, stunned moderator Bernard Shaw asks if you'd like to use your closing remarks to just withdraw from the race right now.



**You conclude that Shaw has a good idea. Turn to page 191.**

Page 128

Unlike your opponent, who relies on empty, meaningless slogans like "A reformer who reforms" and "The candidate who stays the course of change" you boldly state your actual positions on gun control, immigration, affirmative action and abortion.

Liberals immediately brand you as "a fascist right-wing conservative," conservatives say you're "a bleeding-heart liberal" and moderates can't figure out WHAT the hell you're about — so you drop 50 points in the polls.

**What should you do? To bravely stand firm in your convictions, go to page 150. To take the easy way out and flip-flop, go to page 180.**

— Page 150 —

You stand firm on the issues and your campaign heads into a tailspin.

On election day the local paper runs a sidebar story about how your own mother is going to vote for your opponent, and all the networks violate their projection policies and declare you the loser by 11 a.m., a full eight hours before the polls even close.

**Sitting in your Ramada Hotel room on election eve, surrounded by a disillusioned campaign staff and your humiliated wife and children, there's only one more sad chapter to be written in your campaign: Deliver your concession speech. Turn to page 191.**

— Page 180 —

You are repeatedly questioned by reporters about your strong views. You strike back, denouncing the media for "ignoring the issues" and taking your remarks out of context.

Vowing to never again make the mistake of taking a stand on anything, you declare yourself the "Candidate for the Children," and say that you "proudly have the exact same values as the American People." Whenever your opponent tries to criticize you, you accuse him of being "Anti-American, Anti-People and Anti-American People...especially children!"

**The strategy works and you win in a landslide. Turn to page 192.**

— Page 129 —

To impress voters, you position yourself as "The energetic candidate who gets things done," and to drive the point home, you make running around at campaign events your trademark

Unfortunately, on your first day out you accidentally bowl over the mayor of Pittsburgh's pregnant wife and end up tearing ligaments in both your knees.

You become instant fodder for all the late-night talk show hosts. Jay Leno dubs you "The energetic candidate who gets things done...on crutches" while David Letterman prefers simply, "The Flying Crutchman."

But all this mockery turns in your favor, as every comedy writer and political cartoonist in the country votes for you simply because they think your bungling ineptitude will guarantee them an excellent source of material.

**Congratulations! The all-important comedy writer vote seals the election for you. Turn to page 192.**

— Page 131 —

Even though you have no proof whatsoever, you begin the debates by launching into a blistering attack on your opponent for his immoral and deviant sexual behavior. Much to your surprise, he begins weeping and spends his entire allotted time apologizing to his family and friends for the abhorrent double life he has led. His laundry list of perversions is so long it makes Marv Albert look like the Dalai Lama. Your desperate strategy works!

**To find out how you spend the next four years, turn to page 192**

— Page 191 —

Under the glare of the media spotlight you hypocritically congratulate your opponent on running a clean, hard-fought campaign, even though you'd been accusing him for months of playing dirty pool and running negative attack ads. You conclude your speech by announcing that you are retiring from politics and will never again seek public office.

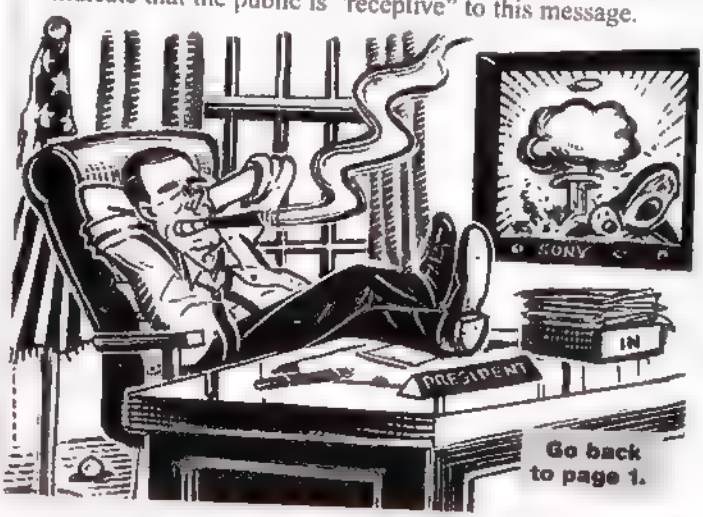
Sixth months later you make millions from a best-selling memoir about your campaign experience, written from the perspective of your family cat, Cuddles. You are hailed by the media and pet-lovers alike as "a leader with integrity" and polls show that if the election were held today, you'd win in a landslide. When reporters ask about a possible run, you tell them that you "want to spend time with my family," but then announce formation of an exploratory committee.

**Four years later, go back to page 1.**

— Page 192 —

You blaze into the Oval Office with high approval ratings and an overwhelming mandate for change. You dare not jeopardize your popularity by actually doing something, so you spend the next four years trying to pander to everyone and end up pleasing no one. Your sole plan for keeping your numbers up is to bomb Iraq and/or Libya every six months. An anti-Washington mood begins to sweep across the country.

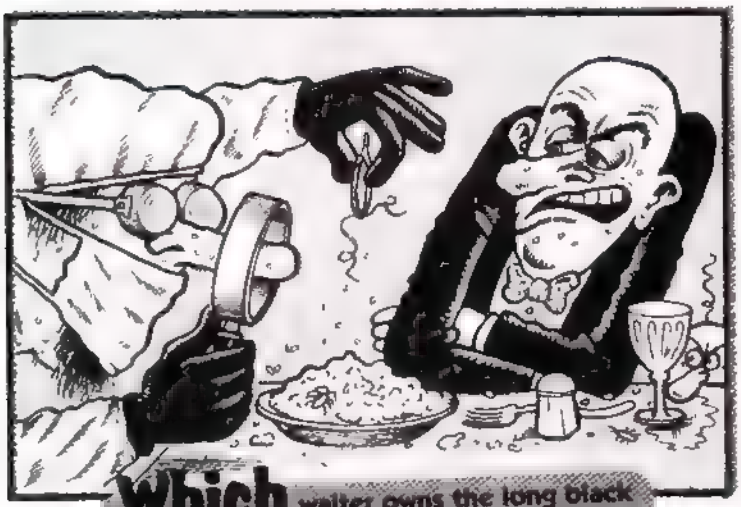
Your politically-savvy wife suggests that you position yourself for re-election as the "Ultimate Washington Outsider Who Can Get Things Done." Initial poll results indicate that the public is "receptive" to this message.




**Go back to page 1.**

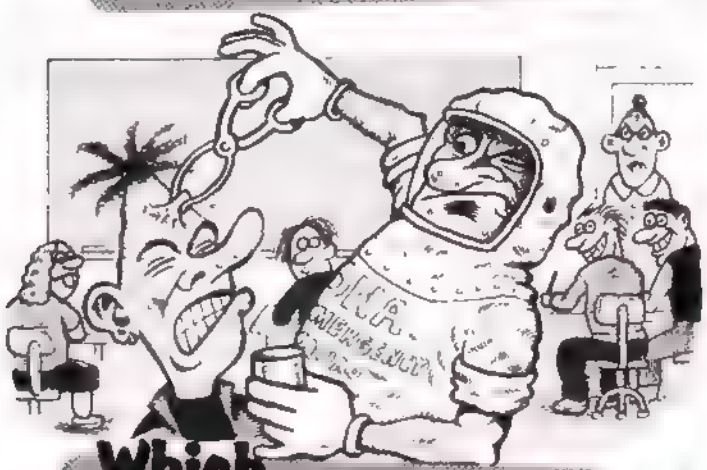
In recent years, breakthrough research in DNA testing has aided in solving crimes, resolving paternity cases and, in one bizarre incident in New Jersey (where else?), determining who owned an escaped tiger. But let's face it, how many of us will ever be involved

# USING DNA TESTING FOR

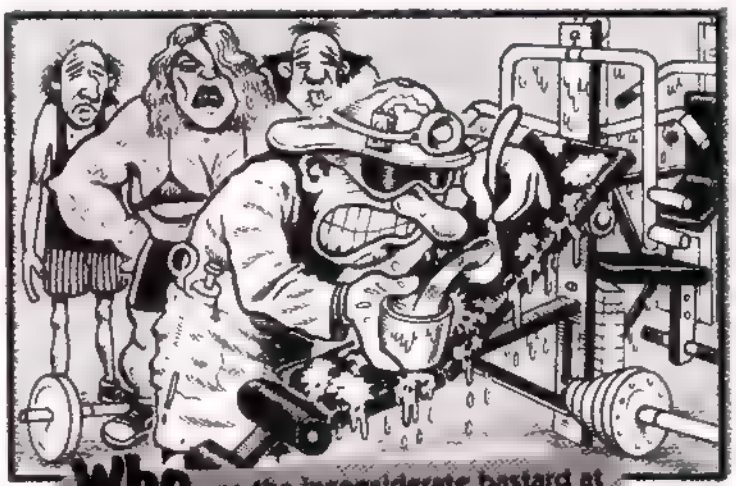


**Which** waiter owns the long black hair that's now sitting in your egg salad?

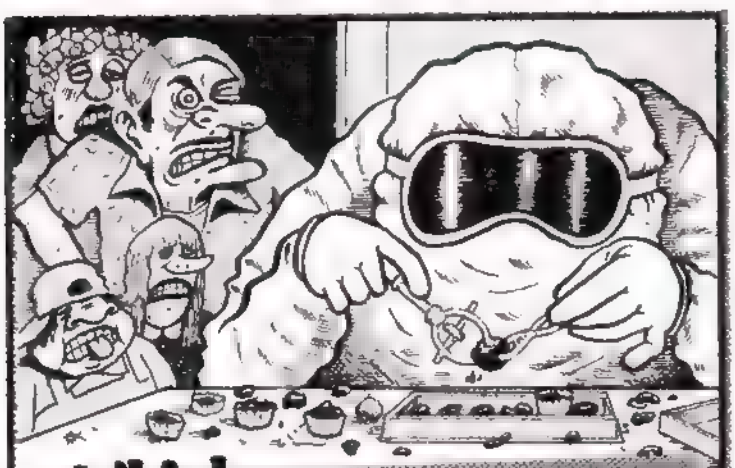
**Which** neighbor's @#$% dog has been leaving a gushy surprise package for you every morning?



**Which** classmate fired the 8-oz. spitball that's now stuck to your forehead?



**Who** was the inconsiderate bastard at the health club that didn't wipe their sweat off the exercise machine after using it?

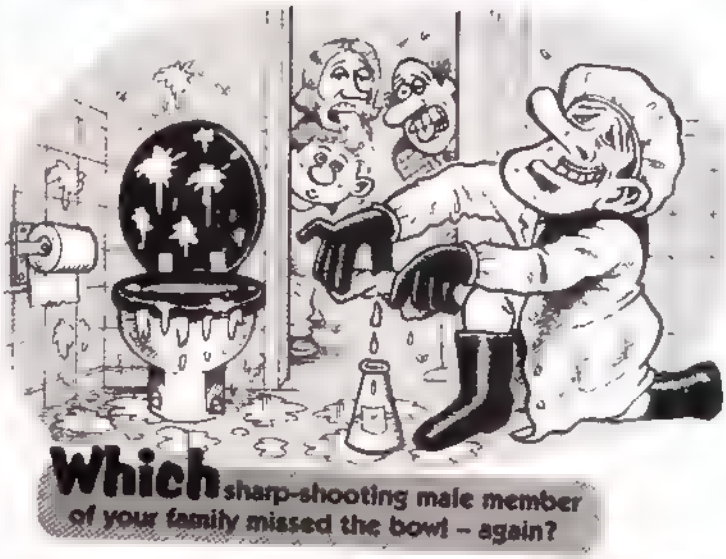


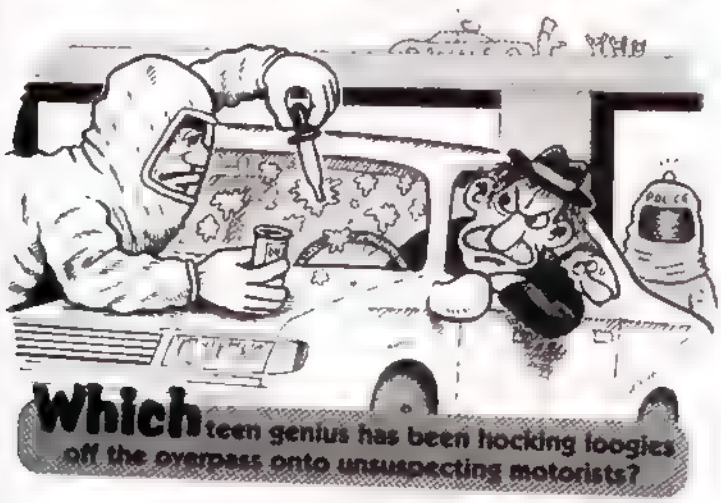
**Which** disgusting family member bit into half the Godiva chocolates looking for a nougat?

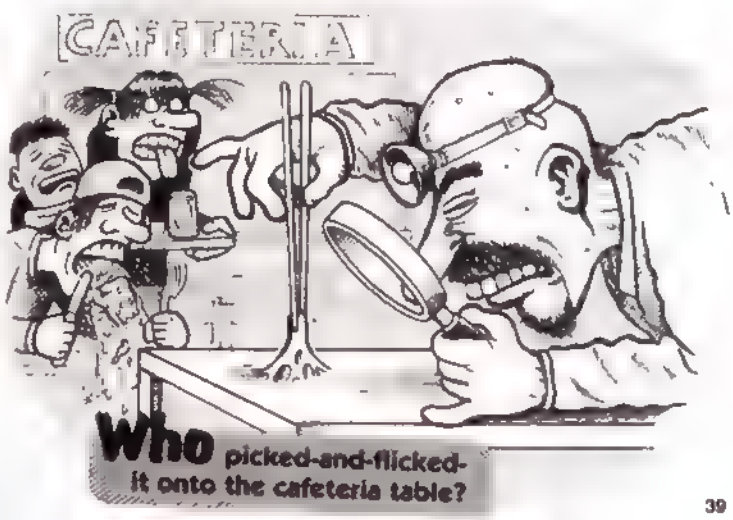
**Which** delightful co-worker has an aversion to flushing after they're done?

In one of these types of cases? Isn't it time that Dennis Fung, Barry Scheck and all those other DNA proponents began using DNA research for the greater good of all Americans? Isn't it time they got out their test tubes, fired up their Bunsen Burners and started...

# QUESTIONS WE REALLY WANT ANSWERED



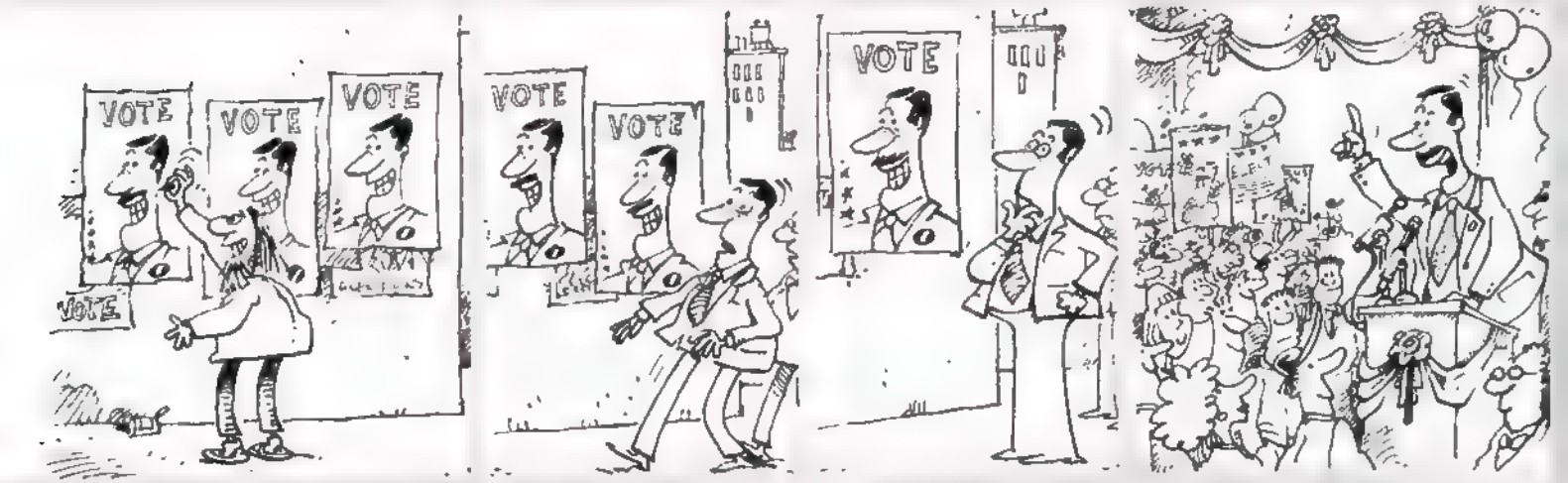






ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: J. PREYE

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK AT






ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

# ELECTIONS

VOTE

GARAGE SALE

CANDIDATE
ELECTED!

HEARING IMPAIRED CONVENTION
CANDIDATES DEBATE
HEARING IMPAIRED CONVENTION
CANDIDATES DEBATE
HEARIN
CAND
VOTE

EQUALITY FOR WOMEN
RALLY
VOTE FOR
VOTE FOR
FOR EQUALITY
VICTORY
ELECTED!
VOTE
HEADQUARTERS
VICTORY
PARTY
VICTORY
PARTY
VOTE
FOR

**Our nation's democracy is at a crossroads, with fewer than one out of four eligible voters even bothering to cast a ballot for their nation's President! However, there is hope on the horizon...if you can call it "hope"! It seems as if 83% of America's teenagers and pre-teen wannabes are voting every single day! The unfortunate thing is, they're voting for Backstreet Boys videos! If you think all the super-edited "reality" shows, one-joke claymations, and pre-recorded VJ blather that MTV runs are bad, just wait until you're...**

# Totally Repulsed Live

Hey, this is **Carsick Dorky**, and welcome to another edition of ***Totally Repulsed Live!*** Before we start, check out **my shirt!** Isn't it cool? Got it **memorized?** Good! Because unless you pay **incredibly close attention** to my **wardrobe changes**, there's no way for you to know that we're not just **re-running YESTERDAY'S *Totally Repulsed Live* episode!**

We're going to have as our special in-studio guests **'N Sync!** And there's a colossal amount of **action** on the countdown! The **#8** and **#9** videos from yesterday actually **switched places!** Yep, there's a lot of **excitement** on ***Totally Repulsed Live*** today!

Oops, I meant to say "***TRL.***" I forgot that our marketing experts want us to call this show ***TRL, TRL, TRL,*** because 90% of our viewers find remembering a **three-word title "way too hard"!** In fact, we're thinking of **changing** the name of the **whole channel** to "M"!

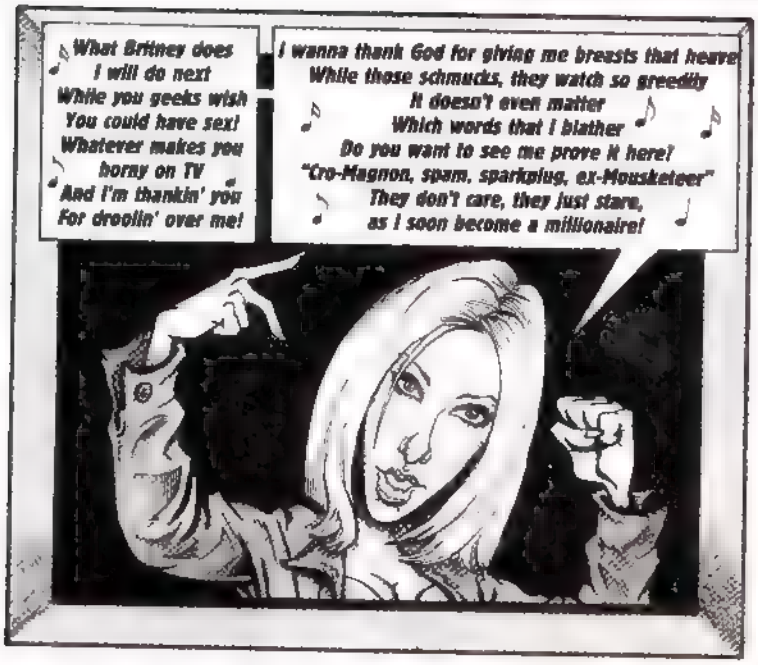
Here's the **#10 video!** It got a grand total of **one vote**, from a **half-blind shut-in** in Louisiana! But MTV's **rap people** have insisted that it **remain** on the countdown, just so we can at least **PRETEND** this **namby-pamby show** isn't **wall-to-wall teenybopper pop music!** It's by DMV, and he's asking, **"What's The Words?"**

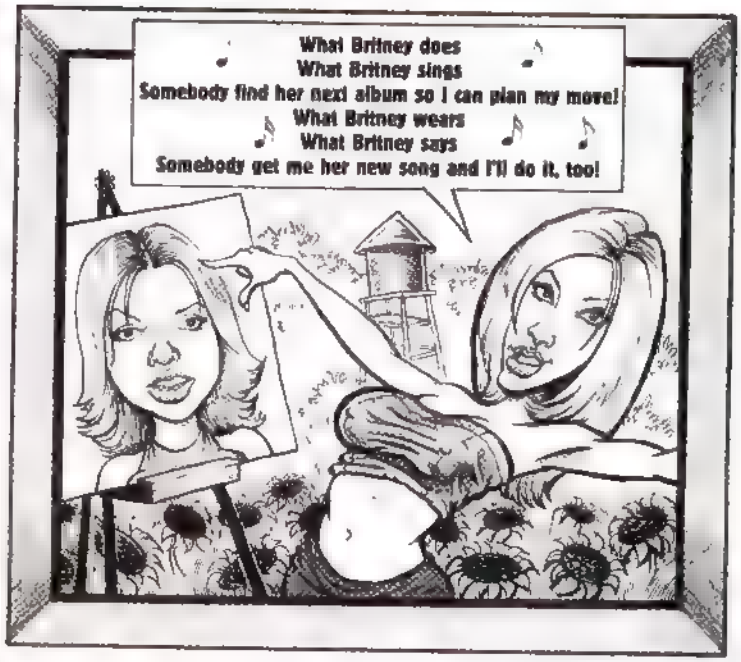
***This is the (BLEEP) (BLEEP) I be talkin' about***
***Half-rappin' (BLEEP) mother (BLEEP)***
***You think it's a game? You think it's a (BLEEP)in' GAME?***
***Come on, uh, uh, uh***
***Uh, uh, uh, uh***
***If you don't have any lyrics***
***Just say "uh, uh, uh"***

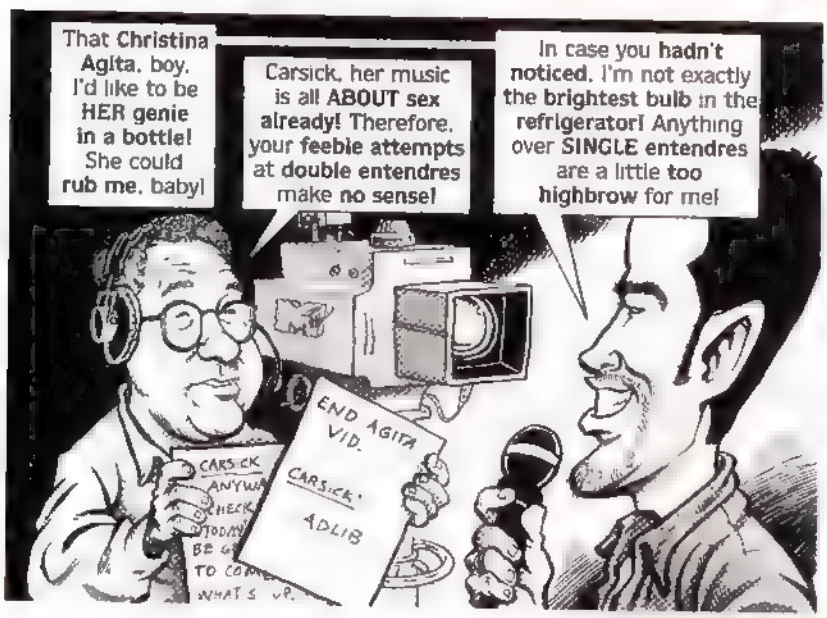
**What's the words?**
**MTV just won't repeat 'em**
**The one in the sound booth,**
**He likes to delete 'em**
**You try to read lips,**
**But you're just not able!**
**Whatever happened to (BLEEP) (BLEEP) (BLEEP) cable?**

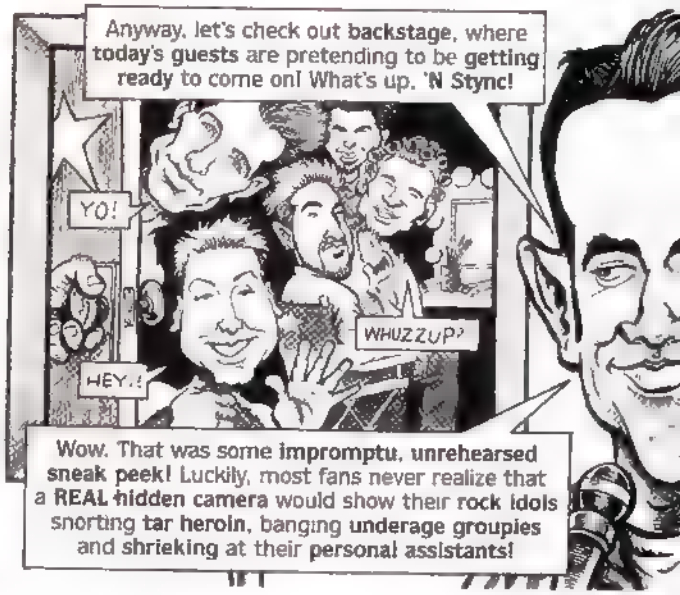
ARTIST: RAY ALMA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

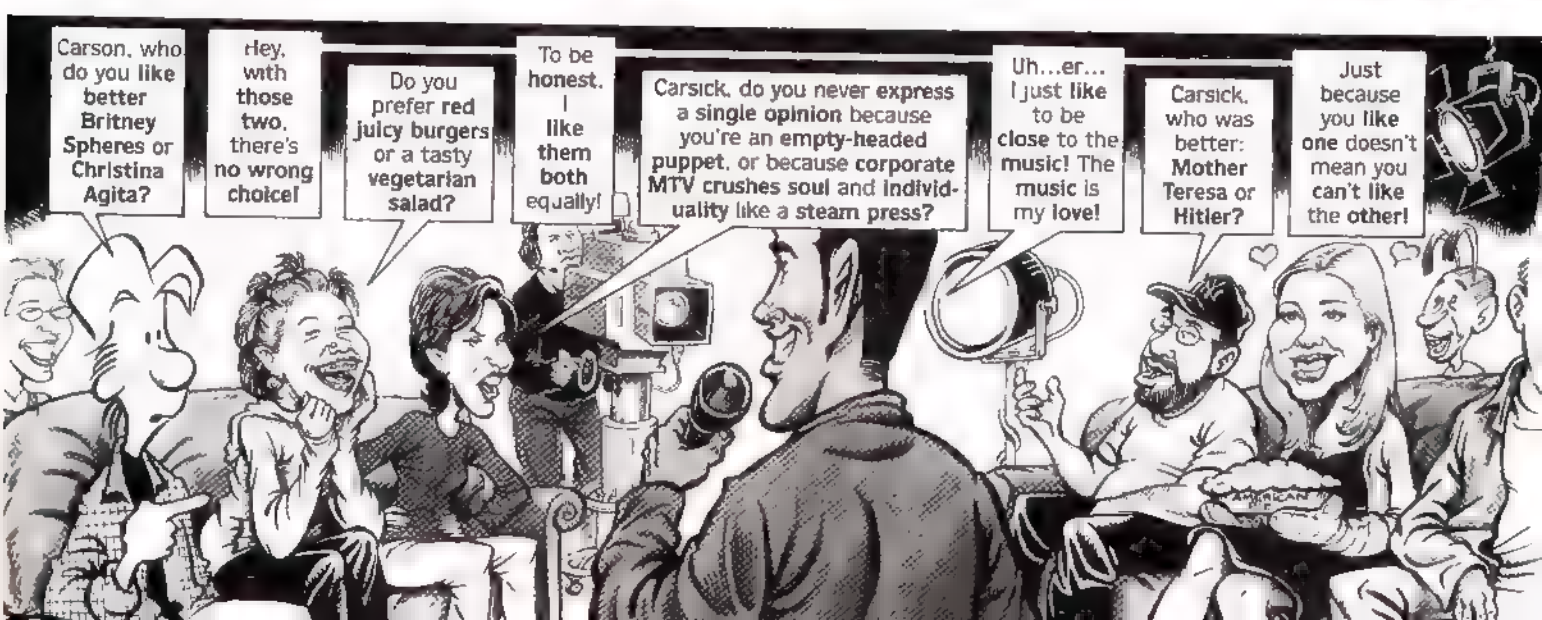
What's...the...words? They won't play 'em on TV!
Guess that means you gotta buy the CD!
And that means plenty more money for ME!
What's...the...words? Just don't buy a bootleg
Or my bank account be showin' goose eggs
And that means I'll break your (BLEEP) legs!
I voted for DMV's "What's The Words?" because he's blowin' up everbody's spot, he's my head dog 24-7, and mostly, because I'm the only white guy in my class and if I don't pretend to like this crap, I'll be hospitalized by Friday! WOOOOOOO!!!!!!
The #9 video is by a group that's up-and-coming — unfortunately for them, they haven't up and come on this show! And we don't like it when some ungrateful songbird would rather do a concert for ACTUAL money, instead of taking the el cheapo appearance fee that we insult all our guests with! However, in the #8 slot is somebody smart enough to come running whenever MTV whistles! It's Britney Spheres! It got 11% of the e-mail votes, 13% of the phone calls...
..OWW! And one brick, that someone just hurled through our window with "PLAY BRITNEE" written on it! Buy a damn computer, you vandal!
From the bottom of my business plan
I've amassed a snazzy portfolio
We pumped out the hits
I wiggled my...chest
It's been a big last quarter for Britneyco!
Because implants are a tax expense
I'm permitted to write off my brassiere!
And so, as I splurge
My fans hope to merge
In fact, a few want to get into arrears!
BRITNEYCO
"Britney," they said, "You've done
Two fast songs in a row.
And they were both fun!
Now do a ballad.
It makes you valid.
And we'll push the sumbitch up to number one."
From the bottom of my business plan
We've taken every step
Right from the book!
But all is not well –
Lawsuits from Mattel
Make the claim that I've stolen
Barbie's whole look!
I'm not asking you imperialist dogs to play Britney Spheres! I'm DEMANDING it! On behalf of the International Britney Jihad, you have one hour to comply! Then, I start tossing out the bodies! WOOOOOOO!!!!!!
Video #7 is Korndog's "Whine, Whine, Whine." And #6 is Star Jones' "I'm Missing You Like Crates of Candy." I'd love to actually show them, but their record companies are complaining to a judge that MTV uses its monopoly to pay lowball royalty rates! So they've taken a principled stand against our sleazeball strongarm tactics, and we salute their bravery!
Um, which brings us up to the #5 song, by Christina Agita! And the Lord God is going to send me to Hell for the demon thoughts I have while watching her tum-tum undulate to the beat of "What Britney Wants"!


♪ What Britney does
I will do next
While you geeks wish
You could have sex!
Whatever makes you
horny on TV
And I'm thankin' you
For droolin' over me!
I wanna thank God for giving me breasts that heave
While those schmucks, they watch so greedily
It doesn't even matter
Which words that I blather
Do you want to see me prove it here!
"Cro-Magnon, spam, sparkplug, ex-Musketeer"
They don't care, they just stare,
as I soon become a millionaire!

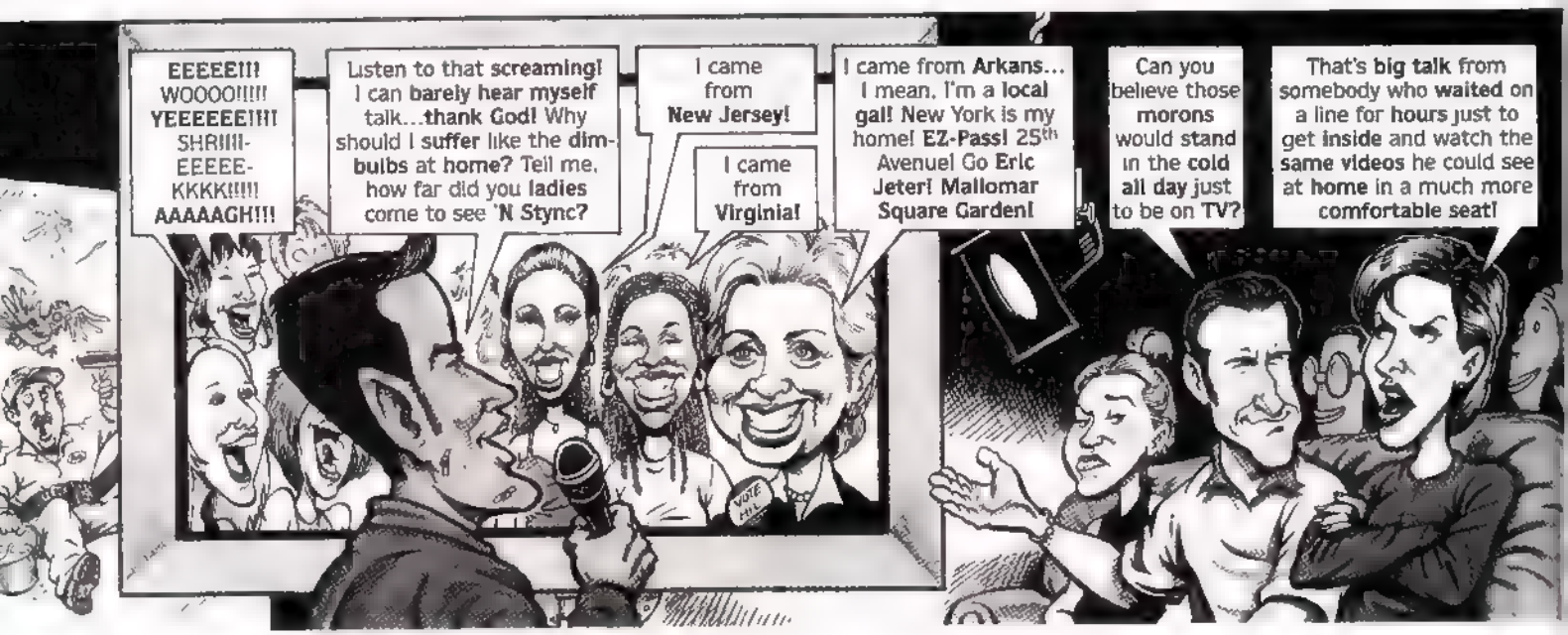

♪ What Britney does
What Britney sings
Somebody find her next album so I can plan my move!
♪ What Britney wears
What Britney says
Somebody get me her new song and I'll do it, too!


That Christina Agita, boy, I'd like to be HER genie in a bottle! She could rub me, baby!
Carsick, her music is all ABOUT sex already! Therefore, your feeble attempts at double entendres make no sense!
In case you hadn't noticed, I'm not exactly the brightest bulb in the refrigerator! Anything over SINGLE entendres are a little too highbrow for me!
END AGITA VID.
CARSICK: ADLIB

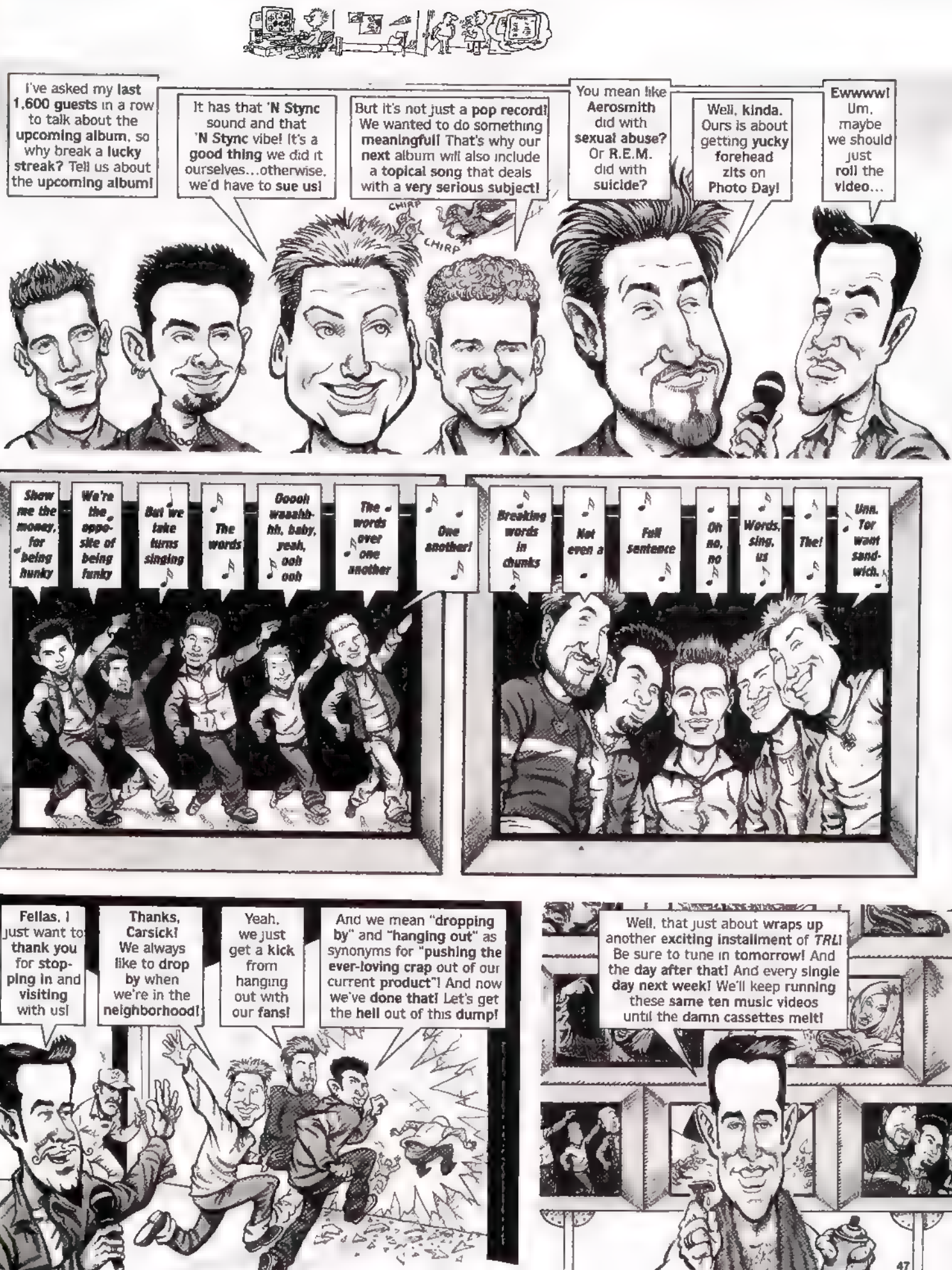

Anyway, let's check out backstage, where today's guests are pretending to be getting ready to come on! What's up, 'N Sync!
YO!
WHUZZUP?
HEY.!
Wow. That was some impromptu, unrehearsed sneak peek! Luckily, most fans never realize that a REAL hidden camera would show their rock idols snorting tar heroin, banging underage groupies and shrieking at their personal assistants!


Carson, who do you like better Britney Spheres or Christina Agita?
Hey, with those two, there's no wrong choice!
Do you prefer red juicy burgers or a tasty vegetarian salad?
To be honest, I like them both equally!
Carsick, do you never express a single opinion because you're an empty-headed puppet, or because corporate MTV crushes soul and individuality like a steam press?
Uh...er... I just like to be close to the music! The music is my love!
Carsick, who was better: Mother Teresa or Hitler?
Just because you like one doesn't mean you can't like the other!

Enough with the imbeciles sitting in our studio! Let's go to the imbeciles standing around Times Square! Just look at that crowd! Let's see your signs, gang! Hold them up nice and high for TV!
We're getting them fine, Carsick! Can't you read them okay?
Read, shmead! It's just that "hands in the air" equals "perkier boobies" equals "higher ratings" equals "more money for Carsick when I eventually blow this cheap-ass channel"! Besides, there are two pickpockets down there working the crowd — and I get a 25% cut of everything they snatch!
DUNKIN DONUTS
P.J. LINDY'S
CARSICK, WE'RE THROUGH! I WANT MY KEYS BACK! AND YOU OWE ME MONEY!
HELP!
YOUR AD HERE!
WWW.PERKIERBOOBS.COM
I ♥ MAX KORN


EEEEE!!! WOOOO!!!!! YEEEEEE!!!! SHRIIII-EEEEE-KKKK!!!!! AAAAAGH!!!!
Listen to that screaming! I can barely hear myself talk...thank God! Why should I suffer like the dim-bulbs at home? Tell me, how far did you ladies come to see 'N Sync?
I came from New Jersey!
I came from Virginia!
I came from Arkans... I mean, I'm a local gal! New York is my home! EZ-Pass! 25th Avenue! Go Eric Jeter! Mallomar Square Garden!
Can you believe those morons would stand in the cold all day just to be on TV?
That's big talk from somebody who waited on a line for hours just to get inside and watch the same videos he could see at home in a much more comfortable seat!

Audience! Try to pretend you HAVEN'T seen these guys loitering 15 feet off camera for the last hour, and give a big MTV welcome to 'N Sync!
SCREEEEE!!!!
WOOOOO!!!
YAAAAHH!
What a reaction! Have you guys ever heard that much screeching and crying?
Yes! Right after we fired our original manager!
You guys built your career step by step! First, you conquered Germany! Then you hit big in Belgium! Then came France and Canada! What were you thinking at that point?
That we wanted to succeed in the OTHER 46 states, too!
Uhhhh... huhhh! It's a good thing there's no entrance exam to get into a boy band!
SPRONG!!

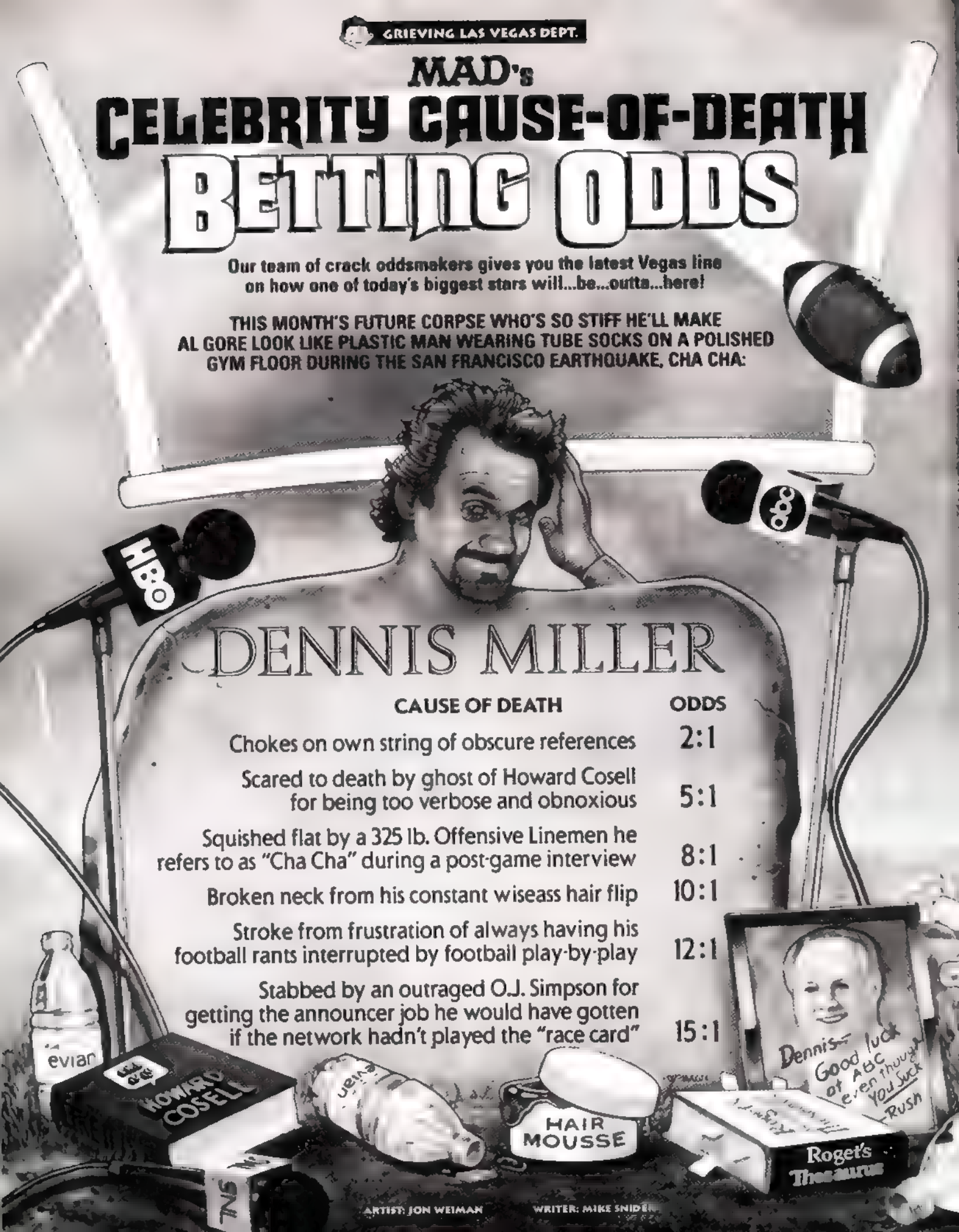

I've asked my last 1,600 guests in a row to talk about the upcoming album, so why break a lucky streak? Tell us about the upcoming album!
It has that 'N Sync sound and that 'N Sync vibe! It's a good thing we did it ourselves...otherwise, we'd have to sue us!
But it's not just a pop record! We wanted to do something meaningful! That's why our next album will also include a topical song that deals with a very serious subject!
CHIRP
CHIRP
You mean like Aerosmith did with sexual abuse? Or R.E.M. did with suicide?
Well, kinda. Ours is about getting yucky forehead zits on Photo Day!
Ewwww! Um, maybe we should just roll the video...
Show me the money, for being hunky
We're the opposite of being funky
But we take turns singing
The words
Oooh waaahh-hh, baby, yeah, ooh ooh
The words over one another
One another!
Breaking words in chunks
Not even a
Full sentence
Oh no, no
Words, sing, us
The!
Um. Ter want sand-wich.
Fellas, I just want to thank you for stop-ping in and visiting with us!
Thanks, Carsick! We always like to drop by when we're in the neighborhood!
Yeah, we just get a kick from hanging out with our fans!
And we mean "dropping by" and "hanging out" as synonyms for "pushing the ever-loving crap out of our current product"! And now we've done that! Let's get the hell out of this dump!
Well, that just about wraps up another exciting installment of TRL! Be sure to tune in tomorrow! And the day after that! And every single day next week! We'll keep running these same ten music videos until the damn cassettes melt!

GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

# MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

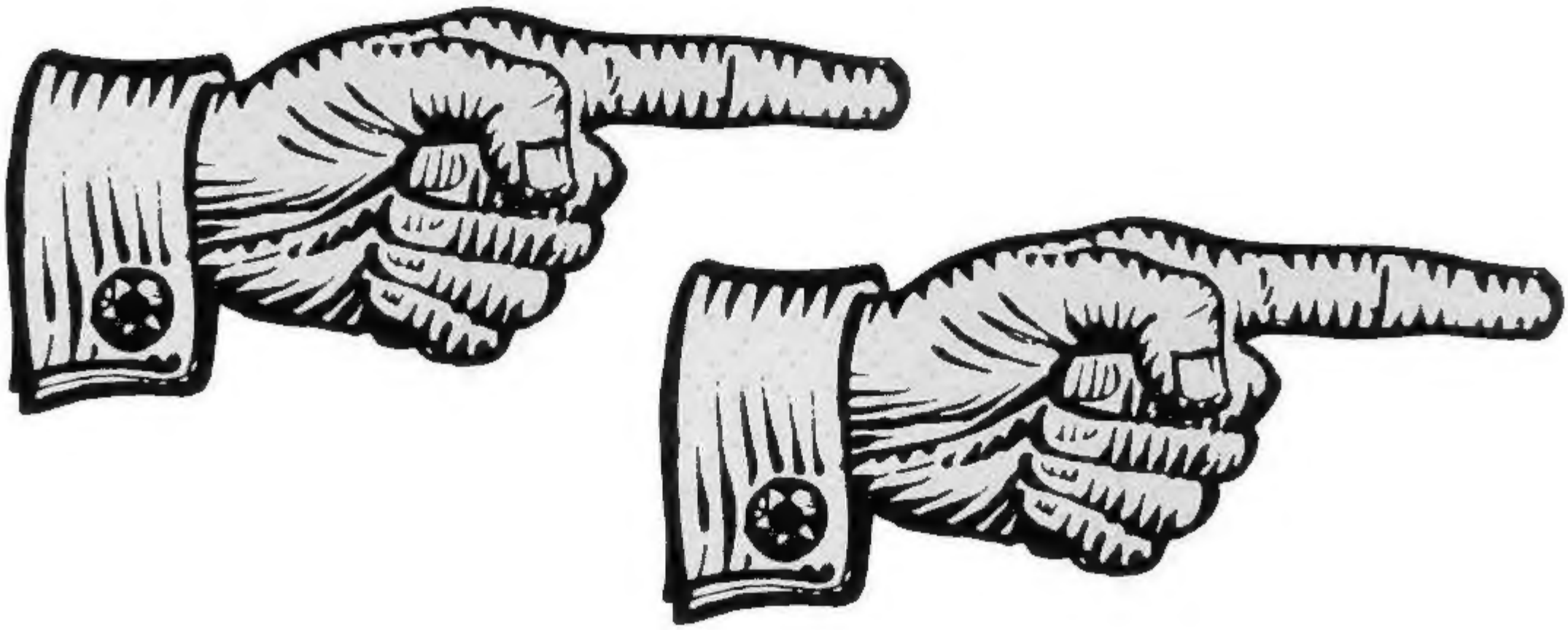
**Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will...be...outta...here!**

**THIS MONTH'S FUTURE CORPSE WHO'S SO STIFF HE'LL MAKE AL GORE LOOK LIKE PLASTIC MAN WEARING TUBE SOCKS ON A POLISHED GYM FLOOR DURING THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE, CHA CHA:**



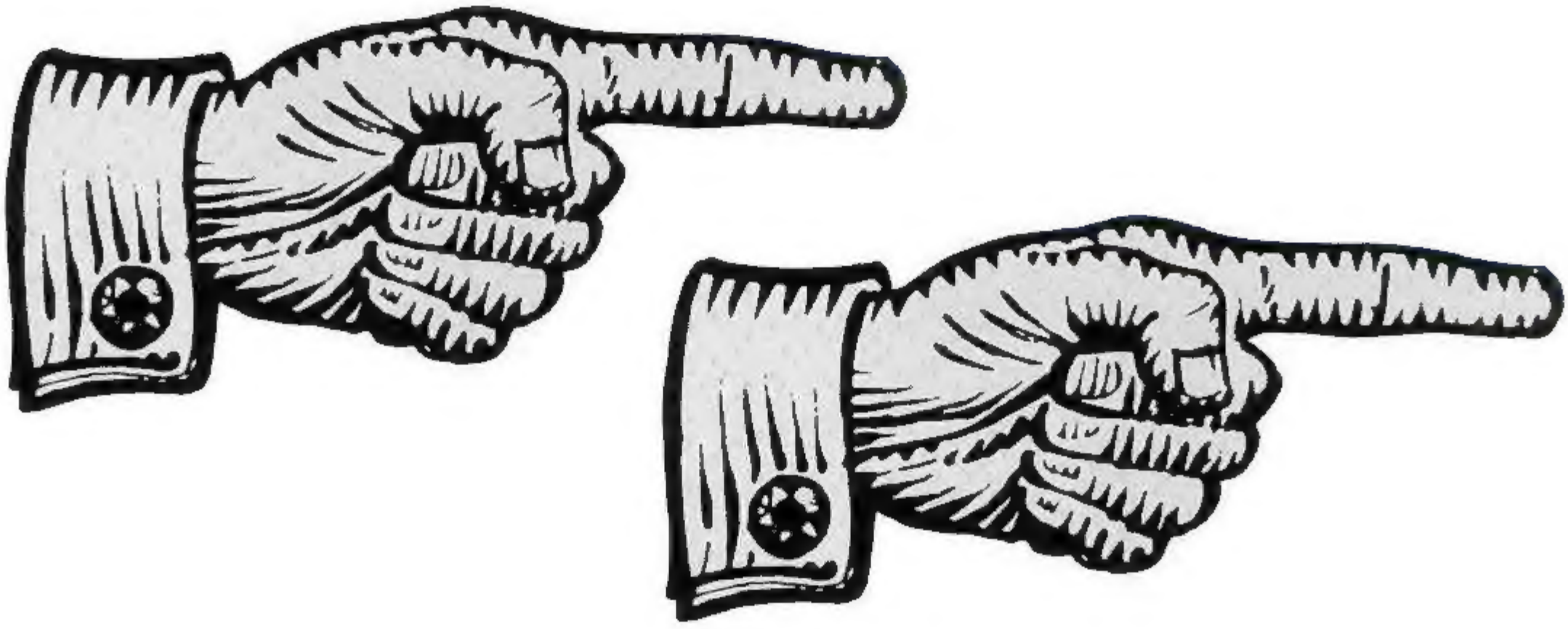

| CAUSE OF DEATH | ODDS |
|---|---|
| Chokes on own string of obscure references | 2:1 |
| Scared to death by ghost of Howard Cosell for being too verbose and obnoxious | 5:1 |
| Squished flat by a 325 lb. Offensive Linemen he refers to as "Cha Cha" during a post-game interview | 8:1 |
| Broken neck from his constant wiseass hair flip | 10:1 |
| Stroke from frustration of always having his football rants interrupted by football play-by-play | 12:1 |
| Stabbed by an outraged O.J. Simpson for getting the announcer job he would have gotten if the network hadn't played the "race card" | 15:1 |

ARTIST: JON WEIMAN WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



***Nothing to see here!***

***Please skip ahead.***



Whassup?

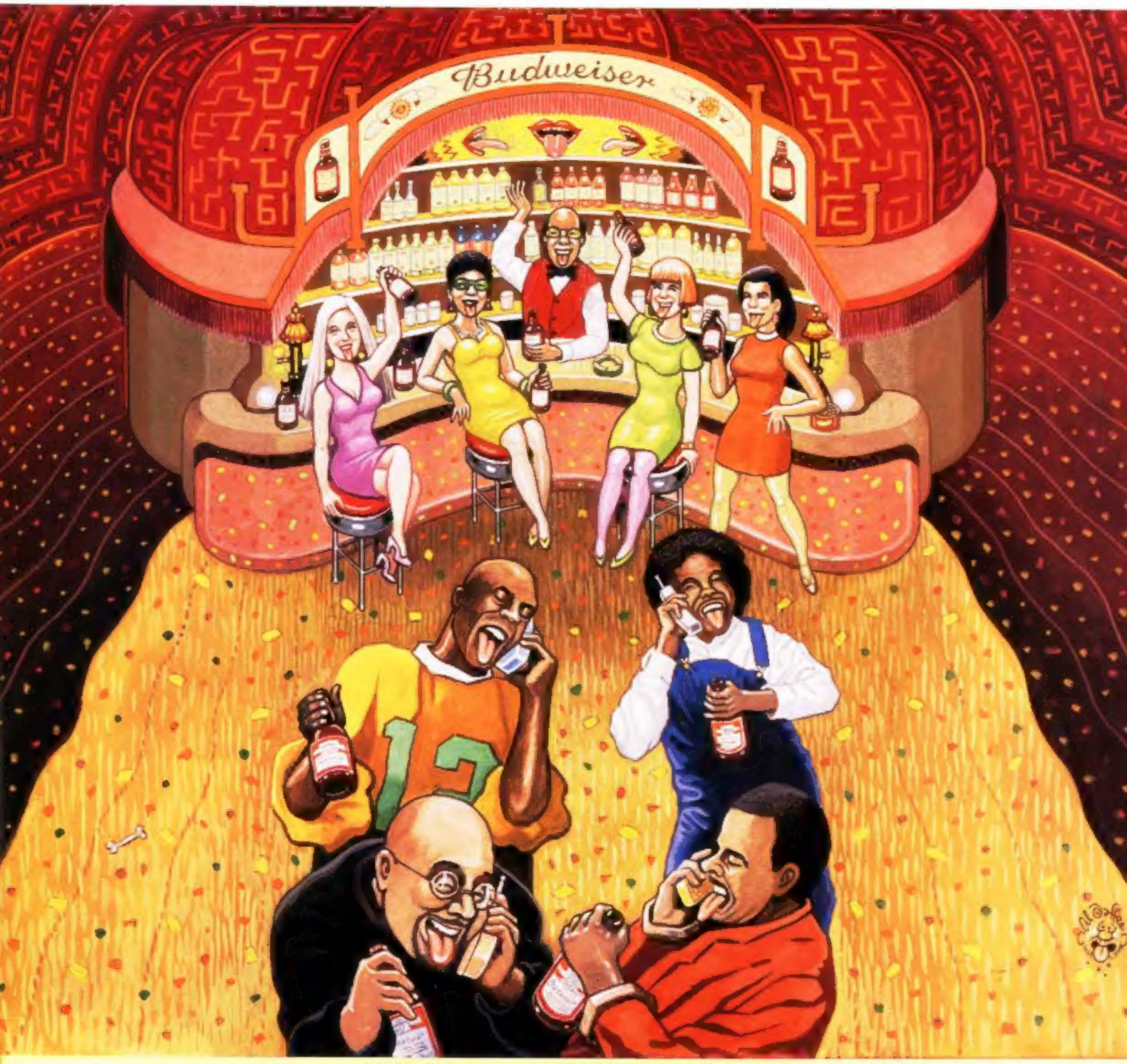
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

# MAD FOLD-IN

The hot catchphrase sweeping America is "Whassup?" When you hear it, it means it's time for parties, good times and beer, beer, beer! Yep, whether you're home, at a sports bar or over a friend's place, when someone says "Whassup?" it's time to crack open some tall, frosty brews. But that's not all "Whassup?" stands for. To really find out "Whassup?" fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"




SHOUTS OF "WHASSUP?" BRINGS COLLECTIONS OF HAPPY PARTYING PALS OUT TO STAGE BIBULOUS BEER BASHES. THESE DUDES SEEM STRANGE TO SOME, BUT THEIR LOUD "WHASSUPS?" DRAW MILLIONS OF FANS TO JOIN THEIR WAY OF THINKING

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

# Whassup?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

COLLEGE
BINGE

DRINKING

A B

# SPY VS SPY

ARTIST: PETER KUPER

WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER